THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

Volume XV | New York, Wednesday, November 25, 1931 | Number 4

EDITORIAL BOARD

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor
GEORGE N. SHUSTER, Managing Editor
MARY KOLARS, Assistant Editor
FREDERIC THOMPSON, Assistant Editor

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager

EDITORIAL COUNCIL

CARLTON J. H. HAYES
T. LAWRASON RIGGS
RICHARD DANA SKINNER
JAMES J. WALSH

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Problem of Problems 85
Week by Week 87
Still Courageous 89
Mr. Murray of Oklahoma ..... J. B. Dudek 91
Twenty Years After ..... Louis Golding 93
Evangelium Joannis (*verse*) ..... Francis B. Thornton 94
Gandhi and the Catholic Church ..... J. Steenkiste 95
An Analysis ..... M. P. Connery 97
A Mexican Painter ..... Frank C. Hanighen 98
The French in America ..... H. A. Jules-Bois 100
A Summer School ..... Georgiana Putnam McEntee 101
Nightfall (*verse*) ..... Amy Brooks Maginnis 101
The Play ..... Richard Dana Skinner 102
Communications 103
Books ..... John A. O'Brien, John Gilland Brunini, Eric Devine, Paul Crowley, T. Francis Healy, Frederic Thompson, John A. Ryan 106

Previous issues of THE COMMONWEAL are indexed in the *Readers' Guide* and the *Catholic Periodical Index*.
Published weekly and copyrighted 1931, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

THE PROBLEM OF PROBLEMS

WE HAVE given much space in these pages to the work of various Catholic organizations which recently have held their annual meetings, because of the importance which their programs possessed not only for their own membership, and for the larger numbers of their fellow communicants of the Church, but also for American society as a whole. In a general sense, of course, the activities of all church organizations, from the great national societies down to the smallest sodality of the most remote and most humble parish in the country, influence in some degree the tone or direction of whatever community it is a part of; but obviously there is a more direct and immediate effect produced by those Catholic groups whose aims and purposes are related to social problems of primary importance to all American citizens—such problems, for example, as international peace, marriage and the home, and economic reform. Among the groups of this type there is none which deals with a more crucial problem than that which confronts the Catholic Rural Life Conference, which held its annual meeting in Wichita, Kansas—crucial not only for Catholics but for the American nation.

The nature of that problem is clearly realized only by a small number of Catholics. This minority alone gives any thought to what is called "the country," as being something other and more than a vague place outside of the cities and towns, where golf is played, or where people go for vacations, and from which, in some mysterious way, come the wheat and corn, the butter and eggs, the fruit and vegetables, the meat and poultry, which reach our dining-rooms. But such Catholics are a very small minority indeed. Something like 80 to 90 percent of American Catholics are city dwellers, have been city dwellers for a number of generations, and most of them, no doubt, mean to go on being city dwellers, and to go on thinking that rural problems are merely things which give Western and Southern senators and other vociferous persons in and out of Congress something to talk about, with the general idea of getting the government to do something about it, whatever it is—usually something that means money grants, or credits, or something that may raise the city dwellers' taxes. Meanwhile, the Catholic city dweller goes on building magnificent churches, and schools, and hospitals, and glories in the mighty progress of his Church—as well indeed he may—but meanwhile his family becomes smaller and smaller, and his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sons and daughters have still smaller families, and their families in turn cease to produce any families at all. George Russell said recently that he had met the greatest curiosity in all the world: a Londoner of the fourth generation. Birth-rate statisticians are said to be of the almost unanimous opinion that if a wall should be built around any city, anywhere, through or over which wall nobody should be allowed to leave or to enter the place, though food and all other necessaries of life should freely enter, the whole population would die out in three generations. Immigration laws now bar out any exterior addition to American Catholics. Only about 10 percent of American Catholics live outside the cities and towns. Those that do, like their non-Catholic neighbors, have been deserting their farms and trying to crowd into the cities.

Just at present, the suicidal rush is checked, because the cities are swarming with millions of unemployed, and hungry, and homeless folk. There is some slight movement of return to mother earth. But even while urban distress has encouraged a revival of rural life, a new barrier rises between the people and the land: the grim giant of corporation farms. Great companies owning gigantic blocks of farming land, or chains of farming lands, are arising. These huge, impersonal, scientific agricultural-industrial trusts and combinations, with enormous capital, possessed of marvellous labor-saving machinery, and aided by hired experts, and chemists, and inventors, when they have any use at all for the man (and his family) who once owned his own farm and called it home, now will only use him as a tenant farmer or as a mere hired hand. But the new colossus only needs a few hired hands, for machinery does the bulk of the work.

It is true that the corporation farm has as yet merely begun its march; but its shadow is black upon the land. Or, rather, that shadow seems black, and deathly, only in the eyes of those dwindling Americans for whom personal independence, and the love of the earth, and the sense of ownership, and devotion to family life, are still real things. Others, and they steadily increase in numbers and influence, hail the advent of corporation farming as the bright dawn of the machine age on the land, of the triumph of scientific management, of planned efficiency. One school beholds in it the coming justification of scientific capitalism at last taking up and bringing into one great system the weakest and most difficult link in the intricate mechanism of the industrial system. Another school regards it as the foundation of the coming state control of all the means of production of the things necessary to both the material and spiritual well-being of the community. Let capitalistic agencies begin the good work—so they argue—for the work is good in itself. The age of the small, independent, inefficient, usually poverty-stricken and disconsolate farmer is over and done with. Only the miserable wrecks of the worn out agricultural system (if such a messy condition of things deserves the name of a system) now cumber the ground; clear them away, and the corporation farms, linked up through the men who control their capital with the great banks, and the great manufacturers and merchants, together planning all production on rational lines, will prepare the way for the coming of true Socialism, or Communism. The name does not matter; under any name you choose, it will be, finally, absolute state ownership and control.

We do not wish to convey the idea that the Catholic Rural Life Conference at Wichita did its work under the influence of such a picture of the ultimate problem as we have hastily sketched above. But we do think that it is only against a background indicating the momentous character of the whole problem that the various highly practical discussions and papers read at the conference can be correctly estimated. For these bishops and priests and Catholic farmers, and Catholic farmers' wives and daughters, are not simply striving heroically and against heavy odds to improve the bad conditions now so wofully confronting the small band of Catholic country people who still cling to the soil; they are also crusaders, whose great mission it is to save the great mass of their fellow Catholics from the decline and almost certain extinction which menaces the whole Catholic population of the United States unless they can be led back to the land. And that can only be done through, and by, coöperation.

Fortunately, there is a tendency within the existing industrial and agricultural systems which, if it is developed quickly and strongly enough, will aid the return to the land, not only for Catholics—who we believe to have the most vital and pressing need of all the elements of the nation so to return—but for all. We refer to the tendency toward decentralization of industry, so strongly supported by Governor Roosevelt of New York, and to some degree, at least in theory, by Henry Ford. If some at least of the industries now so densely centralized should move away from the congested centers, and be scattered in smaller units among the small communities, "close to the primary food supply," as Governor Roosevelt says, giving employment in such smaller centers to local people, without requiring a total abandonment of their farms and gardens, and if, together with this movement, a more determined effort is put forth to form rural credit unions, and coöperative groups in farming, aided by a cultural and religious attention to their educational, recreational and spiritual interests, a great step in the right direction would be taken.

THE COMMONWEAL feels very strongly on this subject. We pledge to the Catholic Rural Life Conference all the help we can give in this great crusade. As Catholics, we have everything to fear from the development of either uncorrected capitalism, or the absolutism of the state, not only because the interests of the Church as a church must suffer from any such development of either financial or state autocracy, but because the health and happiness and reasonable liberty—in a word, the true and natural life of humanity—must also suffer from such inhuman tyrannies. We are arranging

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to publish a series of articles dealing with many aspects of this tremendous problem. Father McQuillan, the leader of the rural life movement among the English and Scottish Catholics, will contribute one of these articles. We shall tell something about what the co-operative Catholic movements are trying to do in Germany, Poland, France, Belgium, Holland and Ireland. Mr. Frank O'Hara, one of our American rural life leaders, and other American writers, will describe various aspects of the American effort. We hope and trust that our city Catholics will read, will learn, and will join their rural fellows, at least in sympathy and in support. Doubtless, most of the present generation of city Catholics will never go back to the earth, except in summer vacations, or to the golf links—until at last they go to their graves; but they might give a thought to their sons and daughters, or at least to the children of those sons and daughters. The Catholic Church must always think of the future. And all Catholics, lay as well as clerical, are the Church. So far as the United States is concerned, unless the Catholics of today do really think about the future, and unless that thinking leads them back to the earth, there will be no roots, there will be no future, humanly speaking there will be few Catholic churches in the United States a hundred years from now.

WEEK BY WEEK

WHILE the kind of propaganda which emanates from the Navy League and its president, Mr. William Howard Gardiner, is neither more important or patriotic than arguments for bigger and better post-offices in Kansas, it happens to be concerned with a more interesting topic. The navy is, after all, the national defense. This last-named vital circumstance was fully grasped by Mr. Hoover, whose ignorance of naval questions was termed "abysmal" by Mr. Gardiner. But whether the method of counter-attack decided upon was advantageous remains an open question. The President himself appointed a committee to adjudge his supposed "ignorance"; this committee retired behind closed doors, and deliberated without the aid of witnesses; and its verdict was so marked a tribute to the intelligence and discernment of the White House that a certain cartoon in the New York *World-Telegram* (showing the President as judge, jury, star witness and prosecuting attorney in the case) seems appropriate. We ourselves concur in that verdict. Some of the Navy League's assertions, as for instance the statement that the negotiations between Messrs. Hoover and MacDonald had never been revealed to the Senate, are obvious and very bad bombast. But it is plain that what the country needs is confidence in the President, and that such commodities cannot be supplied with such methods. The tactlessness of the White House in dealing with the press, and with public opinion generally, is certainly one of the major misfortunes in a time of major misfortunes. What more successful demonstration of this could be given than the present commission verdict? Mr. Hoover had a real chance to set himself right. He ruined it by turning it over to what must seem a collection of grave, reverend but suspiciously prepossessed "yes men."

Blast and Broadside

AMONG travelers returning from a summer in Europe, there seems to be a remarkable unanimity of interest in the pavilion of the Catholic missions at the great Colonial Exposition in Paris. It has been a characteristic of French colonial enterprise, that the Church has gone with the flag: in fact in many cases the cross has preceded the tricolors. In the United States, we are familiar with the early pioneering effort of the French missionaries, not only in their feats of daring discovery, but also in their heroic endurance in living among savages beyond the outposts of empire and commerce. Our first North American saints were such men. Only those who have some knowledge of the facts of these lives can fully appreciate the charity and the benevolence of the true missionary of Christ. Barbarity has been sentimentalized by ignorant persons who have no knowledge of, or leave completely out of account, the dirt and the cruelty of the physical life of savages, besides the terror and the darkness, principally the fear and propitiation of devils, of their spiritual life. A vivid instance of the difference between the savage and the Christian spirit was furnished at the mission pavilion at the Paris Exposition, by some Negro wood-carvings from equatorial Africa. The typical wood-carvings of primitive pagan peoples have familiarly a perverse distorted quality, a deliberate grossness which was not simply the result of the artisan's lack of cunning in the use of his tools, a leering or tortured diabolical note. The transition in the Christian sculpture is as marked as the difference between night and day. A primitive carving from Dahomey of the Virgin Mary, is most touching in its simple and effective expression of tenderness, of gentleness and kind intention. A statue of Saint Joseph with the Infant Jesus in his arms, clearly shows an appreciation for human dignity, and for a note totally unfamiliar to paganism, the combination of manliness with gentleness.

The Sign of the Cross

IN A PAPER, "Things That I Missed," which appeared in THE COMMONWEAL some time ago, the chairman of the National Girl Scout Board of Directors, Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady, described the activities and advantages of that organization. Everyone knows, in general, that the Girl Scout movement is a good thing, an indispensable thing, but Mrs. Brady performed the service of bringing simply and vividly to the reader's imagination just what factors make it so: the wholesome programs of fun in the open, the satisfactions of woodcraft and sharpened observation,

Girl Scout Counsels

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the developing nature of personal contacts, of examples of sportsmanship, and of friendly discipline. An address delivered by the same official at the recent annual Girl Scout convention supplements that paper on the central purpose of the Scouts, with comments on the present general distress and counsels to the group for helping to meet it. They represent, according to Mrs. Brady, the ideas and decisions of the executive committee, in which Mrs. Hoover and Dr. Lillian Gilbreth (also a member of the President's Organization on Unemployment Relief) take prominent parts, and they seem to us, in their grave good sense and concrete suggestiveness, worthy of a wide reading. The first concern of the Girl Scout, of course, is seen to be "to go about her business as usual, and business for young people must be largely play. The need of boys and girls for such constructive play as Scouting was never greater than in this time of depression. . . . One big problem for the relief workers is how to maintain the morale in our American homes. . . . Cheerful, courageous, uncomplaining girls can help to maintain it. . . . Girl Scouting is not a mere luxury for happy times but a national asset at all times."

A PROGRAM for broader usefulness follows, practical in its details and admirable in the fine implication of its appeal that these youngsters are of the blood and bone of the nation, and will wish to share its responsibilities. The "stay in school" campaign is simply described, with its twofold purpose of keeping young people out of economic competition, and extending their academic training, and the Scouts are asked to cooperate locally by reporting to their leaders cases of troop members unable to remain in school, so that their families may be helped. As to food distribution, the Scouts are recommended to adopt more widely the present more or less indirect service of helping to gather the excess crops and to preserve them for the forthcoming need "when the food-buying budgets of the unemployed become exhausted." Clothes they can help to find by "ransacking closets and attics"; they are urged to "help mend and make over used garments, and list the Scout families destitute of these necessaries, so that their wants may be filled." Then the more general admonitions are given: to support the President's campaign for "wise spending" by learning and practising true thrift—"not saving, but getting the most for your money"; to keep constructively and sanely busy, as a contribution to the mental health of family and community. Lastly, there is the gracious reminder of the true nature of charity; Saint Paul, we are told, would never have called it "the greatest of the virtues . . . if it were only the relief of bodily wants or temporary necessities, much less if it were expressed by a dole grudgingly given and reluctantly received. . . . It is as true today as it was twenty centuries ago that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Charity thus conceived is the perfection of human sympathy." Leadership of this sort is a heartening thing.

Are Books Too Expensive?

RETOLD the other day, the story of Honest Dave Hayes who, after being treated to pretty nearly everything the war had to offer, returned to Notre Dame on a crutch and one month later was playing football again, has only one parallel we can think of. That is the would-be author in search of a publisher. There happens to be just one thing to which such a stricken human being will not resort, and that is to take a flat "no" home with him for keeps. Like honest Dave, he is indifferent to high-explosive shells, gas, crutches and good advice from the doctor. What he is really after it would be hard to say. The aforementioned Mr. Hayes at least had a goal—or two of them, if you insist. Our author, to be sure, is thinking of fame, fortune and service to humanity, having forgotten to take in the dimensions of the library or the trend of the times. Nothing could make us think of discouraging him; that is impossible. But possibly some patients afflicted with the disease might be helped if they could be exposed long enough to the sight of perennial publishers' remainders on sale. To those who have written much, the very word "remainder" is vastly more melancholy than "nevermore." It describes a book which somebody could not sell, and which somebody else did not want. First and foremost, however, it describes a volume for which the writer receives no pay. And herewith we attain, after some difficulty, to the gist of our remarks.

IT IS hard to get a publisher's signature on a contract, particularly nowadays. But once obtained, this contract contains the ominous and laconic statement that the writer is to expect no reward for books sold as remainders or otherwise dumped overboard. Nevertheless, thousands of such books are offered at drug stores and other places, books which frequently deserve a vastly better fate. Hunting for these "bargains" has almost become a national pastime. Not penniless students merely, but quite prosperous citizens, will tell that their reading matter is thus accumulated; and we ourselves have received Christmas presents previously encountered at a tobacco shop. Yes, citizens who would not think of browbeating the washerwoman into taking $2.00 less a day are thoughtlessly willing to take advantage of a profession which the world has seldom paid well but which it has, after all, credited with the right to exist. Why the publisher falls in line with this exceedingly bad practice it would be hard to explain. Of course he can argue that the few cents he gets per copy is better than nothing at all. Penny-wise and pound-foolish! And so, despite the salutary lesson they can convey to the would-be author, we hold for the speedy abolition of remainders. Royalties are, to be sure, one reason why books are normally sold at a price. But in one of Dr. Johnson's wisest moments he remarked that a monetary purpose, modest but yet firm, was the solitary discernible difference between writing and insanity.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHILE the band played "Throw Him Down McCluskey," the Sing-Sing prisoners' football team swept to a 33-0 victory over the Ossining Naval Militia recently in the début of football games with outside teams at the prison. There were 2,300 convicts cheering the home squad, while 700 visitors on the other side of the field gave the game some superficial resemblances to a game at one of the larger institutions of advanced learning. "Alabama" Pitts, described by the New York *Herald Tribune* as "a six-foot, snake-hipped, 158-pound quarterback," starred for the winners. According to the same source, "the Dixie flash made two touchdowns himself, threw three passes which resulted in touchdowns, and made three points by conversion, two by drop kicks and one by passing. Also he kicked a ball over the wall, a symbolic nuance that was cheered by his comrades." "You see our left half?" said a convict who went into the press box to assist in the identification of players. "He's had previous experience." "Where did he play before?" asked the *Tribune* reporter. "On the Federal team at Atlanta." Another feature of the game was the warden's young daughter, who rode onto the field her black pony that had been painted with stripes as a mascot for the Sing-Singers. The fraternizing of the forces of law and order with convicted criminals, and the victory of the latter over the former, no doubt may seem extraordinary and bad business to the visitor to our shores. It is, however, only another noble experiment in our penal institutions to try to reconstitute enemies of society into good citizens. It was a generous gesture on the part of the militiamen to meet the prisoners on the equal footing of sport, as well as a brave one for them to go in and play those "tough hombres" in the penitentiary.

Sing-Sing Football

THE SPEECH on the subject, "What I Would Do if I Were World Dictator," by the Aga Khan—estimated on the score of his gold and precious jewels and revenue from his exotic kingdom to be one of the richest men in the world—that was rebroadcast from London over the United States through the network of the National Broadcasting Company, was interesting and not so fantastic as one might expect. Of course his suggestion that he would put a stop to overdressing, led us to think of the latest rotogravure picture of Gandhi, and the idea seemed fairly remote from the probable, or the important, at least in the Western world. Further than that, he would see to it that everyone engaged in some form of sport, either golf, tennis, cricket, football or steeplechasing; he would redivide European and Asiatic nations on a basis of common language, do away with all armies and navies and replace them with an international police force, allow present nations to retain their nationalistic character as a form of local culture and diversity but supersede much of present national policy with fervent internationalism. He modestly concluded that the world could not possibly be worse off at the end of his dictatorship than it is today. All these things are beyond argument in a realm of theory and are only a form of intellectual exercise comparable figuratively to the steeplechasing of which the Aga Khan is a devotee. Our own conclusion to them, however, was that they leave out of account the inability of humans to regiment themselves on any such world-embracing scale. If the Aga Khan in reality tried to be the dictator of the world, we suspect Mr. Mussolini or Mr. Stalin would rise and move that he was out of order, and the League of Nations disagree.

Ideas of Grandeur

STILL COURAGEOUS

DURING the past week some evidence has been haled into court in behalf of a silver lining. The quotations for wheat have climbed up the ladder far enough to insure substantial price increases to many farmers, and other grains have followed rather bravely. This development favors the view of economists who believe in history and declare that since every one of fifteen depressions recorded during the past century was superseded by better times, the chaos of 1929-1932 is likewise sure to be followed by nicer and cozier weather. Even the fact that one man's meat is another man's poison in the present instance—that it is the curbing of Russian exports which have raised American prices—runs true to the historical parallel. Nobody could be readier than ourselves to see the triumphant return of at least normal conditions, but there are a few things to be said regarding the current hopeful symptoms.

In the first place, statements to the effect that depressions are inevitable in our present economic order —or in any other, for that matter—leave out of consideration one very important truth. Not only are the several declines various in extent and character, but they have manifested a tendency to grow progressively worse. This movement is, curiously enough, reflected in the measures taken to counteract the social effect of diminished earning-power. People were left to die of hunger in European countries, as a result of crop shortages, as late as the middle of the nineteenth century; today a government, as witness Germany, strains every nerve to keep millions of unemployed from succumbing to the last stages of misery. Though some of this change must be attributed to the influence of humane ideas, more of it has been caused by the determination of the poor, the proletarianized who have been taught hard lessons by recurrent periods of hardship, to stand together for a square deal. Today a depression is so formidable precisely because it is so much more vocal.

Similarly, the progress of capitalism is to no slight degree unthinkable apart from speculative activities which, of course, repose upon the melancholy belief that economic climate is variable. The great bulk of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

large fortunes have been made because goods which were of little value to somebody became very valuable to somebody else. And of course every effort made to remove the causes of depression is necessarily also aimed at curbing speculation. American banks, though hard hit, have had the advantage of a very effective cushion in the Federal Reserve System. And while unemployment insurance was too recently established to stand up under the terrific strain of the past two years, there is no doubt that the reserves accumulated under it during a conceivable decade of normal years would have a great influence upon buying-power in times of stress. Finally, it is of course modern war which most unsettles the social structure, and therefore also modern war which aids the speculator, as witness the headline in this week's paper: "War rumors stimulate trading and lift stocks to a new high on recovery." Therefore it might be argued that prevention of war would be a social advantage but a loss to the kind of capitalist we have hitherto favored.

Merely stating these matters is to call attention to a contrast grown immeasurably sharper since the close of the Napoleonic conflicts: on the one hand, masses of people who suffer bitterly from adverse economic tides, and who have grown increasingly conscious of their suffering; on the other hand, individuals able to profit immensely by industrial accidents, and in the nature of things unwilling to place themselves and their fortunes at the service of society. It would seem to follow that a show-down between the groups is inevitable; and many believe that while the "system" may prove fully able to survive the present strain, it will hardly survive another or still another. Socialism has been, must continue to be, not so much logical as inevitable.

Now the major spiritual phenomenon of the last century is this: as Socialism spread and intensified, religion lost influence. The historian of ideas characterizes the development as the rise of materialism; and there are, to be sure, other factors at work besides social unrest. But if the impact of economic determinism on hundreds of thousands of minds were removed —if whole cities and districts no longer believed that the ugly heel of poverty had actually been blessed by Western, Christian civilization—mankind would still have to battle against the world, the flesh and the devil, but the specific horror of masses both atheist and idealist would disappear. And so, by a circuitous route, the Church once more arrives at a central position in the actual here-and-now world, quite like that which it occupied after the dissolution of Rome. On the one hand, it must seek to regain the people for Christ's teaching and life, almost to the same extent of its effort in the early centuries; on the other hand, upon what it can do to mitigate the selfishness, the disorderliness and the brutality of capitalism would seem to depend the future of the world society.

When we try to estimate the forces with which the Church must seek to accomplish this task, a sense of discouragement is likely to assail us. After all, there are few who would now deny what still seemed unlikely fifty years ago: that the alliance between the conscience of the Church and the powers of government, normal during many hundreds of years of post-Roman history, is a thing of the past. The edifice has crumbled with startling rapidity; and with it there have gone, as a matter of course, many rooms in which the authority of religion exercised a more or less helpful, more or less bureaucratic, civic function. It is difficult to think that this crumbling is a gain, from either point of view. Indeed, the absolute dependence of the modern state upon public opinion, curbed only by a modicum of tradition, may be, in the Providence of Heaven, either a scourge for the reproof of mankind or the necessary prelude to a difficult, otherwise impossible reconstruction of social justice.

But there are many reasons for optimism. While progress in the natural order would seem to be a relative delusion dispelled with sad frequency by events and the awareness of limitation, progress inside the Church is real and undeniable. Not merely is the sum-total of sanctity—the enlistment in the army of the just—increased with every generation, but the other work of the Catholic mind, its intellectual deepening and its mastery over cosmic darkness, has manifestly been blessed with undeniable advancement. For this we should like to offer some very modest proof.

In the current issue of the *Christian Century,* a statement is made to the effect that despite existing conditions the circulation during 1930 and 1931 has been the largest enjoyed by the magazine. The editors feel themselves called upon to pay earnest tribute to their supporters, not a few of whom have made real sacrifices to keep a journal for which they had a recognizable greater need during bad days than possibly during good ones. We should like to say that our experience has been just the same. THE COMMONWEAL audience has not yet grown large enough to permit conduct of the journal without grave difficulties and trying moments. Our budget does not yet balance; and there have been times when something very like a moratorium seemed in order. But the audience is nevertheless larger than it ever was before, and loyal to an extent which we, who depend on that loyalty, only too fully realize.

And so the thought suggests itself: are not we, is not our enterprise, modestly typical of the general drift? The group upon which the corporate Church may rely, in any field of activity, is small—almost perilously small—but it is cohesive, alert, sacrificial to a degree which renders optimism still courageous but no longer a forlorn hope. The problem is simply to make this group larger, and to make every similar group larger; to understand that the Church is perennially the yeast, even when no longer the bread; and to keep alive the hope that, not submerged under difficulties or far worse doubts, the life of the Christian is an augur that His will may yet be done upon the earth.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MR. MURRAY OF OKLAHOMA

By J. B. DUDEK

During recent months not a little has been heard of "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, governor of Oklahoma. Starred as a man who uses the National Guard to enforce order in a reputedly chaotic oil industry, scorned as a citizen addicted to red handkerchiefs and no culture, reported to have been threatened with assassination by foes of radicalism, Mr. Murray seemed to us worthy of analysis. We have therefore requested as nearly impartial a mind as editors could chance upon—Monsignor Dudek—to tell the story for the benefit of readers of THE COMMONWEAL. *There will be two instalments, of which this is the first.—The Editors.*

THE NATIONAL weekly, *Collier's,* recently remarked editorially that Alfalfa Bill of Oklahoma was one of the new political leaders arising to supply a need whose imminence it is disposed to doubt but which is, none the less, real and patent. It classes him with certain senators who have been facetiously described as "sons of the wild jackass." Be that as it may, now that Governor Murray has definitely appeared on the Eastern horizon as more than a possibility in the forthcoming presidential campaign, this much is certain: his very presence at a national convention will inject novelty into an institution grown stale with the worn-out props and gags of past quadrenniums, and his nomination, if effected, will make of the ensuing race a spectacle distinctly refreshing after the insipid, not to say putrid, performances to which we have been accustomed. In short, Alfalfa Bill will undoubtedly display surprising agility in the running, with, perhaps, some diverting fancy kicking.

Oklahoma has a reputation as a producing state. It has mines; it has oil wells; it has farms—of wheat, corn, cotton and alfalfa. Those who profit mainly by the first two do not all live within its confines, but those who work them do. The farmers, landowners or tenants, stay at home. All those who labor in this trinity of production, but especially the farmers, have had cause of late to worry about, if not to clamor for, "bread and butter, bacon and beans." One promising them these, with a reasonable show of keeping his word, is very apt to be heard, not only locally, but wherever throughout the republic similar conditions prevail. The first article of the Murray doctrine, "I hold that civilization begins and ends with the plow; that no government can stand without freedom for the farmer, both from physical and financial slavery," is not going to miss a respectable audience. "Virgin wealth comes only from agriculture, the mines and other natural resources. When the value of their products on the market of the world is insufficient to clothe the people, to pay decent wages to all employees, to pay the interest on public and private debts, and rents and taxes of whatsoever kind, then a panic follows. . . . A country may live a year or more on its reserve resources," but until an adjustment is made in the value of natural products, until a well-balanced system of credit for the producer is established, "depression and panic will continue. . . . The farmers and laborers of this country are now on the verge of economic destruction. The middle class, the bulwark of any nation, cannot be destroyed without destroying the classes above and below it. . . . To feed the hungry and give every man an opportunity to earn a livelihood is of paramount necessity for the safety of the nation." These are statements that will influence those who have to choose for their next President either "a conservative, sponsored by big business and moneyed interests," or a man "in whose ability and integrity the middle class, the average business man, the small banker, the farmer and the laborer, have absolute confidence—a man with courage to do things now, to cut the Gordian knot of governmental red tape," to secure practical results.

No adequate biography of the Honorable William H. Murray has yet been composed. The main facts concerning him are recounted in "Who's Who," and practically everybody has heard of him; but much of what has gone out for public consumption is apocryphal, distorted or misleading. He is known pretty extensively through caricature and ridicule. Some of his best oratory is in the files of the "Congressional Record," but, who reads that? Several of his speeches have just been issued in book form, and he has also published a book of essays, "Pocahontas and Pushmataha." An impartial or critical survey of his work and philosophy has not been essayed.

This is no place to enter into the details either of his life, work or thought. But, since he has been variously described as possessing the "inherent sympathy and foresight, necessary to the preservation of fundamental liberties," of Abraham Lincoln, the "courage, determination and aggressiveness of Andrew Jackson," the statesman's vision of Jefferson, it may be said at once that, regarding the man rather than appearances or report, the descriptions are not idle phrases. Charged, on the other hand, with radicalism, and with the ambition and presumption of a Mussolini, these accusations may, with qualifications, be admitted. If by radicalism is understood disturbing the constitutional rights of others, then Murray, maintaining the constitutional rights of all, and always staying within constitutional bounds, though sometimes straying from precedent, is a radical only in so far as his prompt and effective manner in carrying out his ideas of principles, privileges and rights may be annoying in some quarters; otherwise, he is a stricter conservative than is generally implied by that term. In his inaugural address last January he stated appropriately:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> The man who believes in honesty, economy and efficiency in government is a radical. The man who believes in a system of taxation that will cause men to pay in proportion to their ability to pay is a radical. But we ought to be radical enough to be sincere and conservative enough to be right.

And the dictatorship of a man who conscientiously holds that

> the failure of the President to administer the law is a breach of his constitutional oath, and the failure to exercise the supreme power in the United States in executing authority implies either ignorance of the law or manifest design . . .

is not without justification either in observation or sound logic; nor would it be without practical advantages in our present crisis. Murray has no optimistic delusions; but he still has faith in the country and in the people under proper direction. He says:

> Frequently I have watched America approach the brink, but always some unforeseen finger of some unknown hand has snatched it away.

Bill's origin was humble enough. Born sixty-two years ago in a primitive Texas community known by the undignified name "Toadsuck," he found life sufficiently drab and unpromising at the age of twelve to run away from home. Hired out as a cotton-farm hand, he heard for the first time that there was such a person as the President of the United States. His formal schooling, common and college, did not total two years. But, supplementing it by voluntary home study on Sundays and rainy days, he managed to obtain a first grade teacher's certificate and a degree. His theories on education today stress rather personal application and attention to fundamentals than swimming-pools in state universities, and there is food for thought in his observation that he would never have received his degree had mere attendance credits instead of written examinations been required.

He studied law at night while teaching school or editing a newspaper. Admitted to the bar, he practised at Fort Worth, with little reward except the larger experience. In 1898 he found a field for his professional services at Tishomingo, Indian Territory, where he became fairly wealthy and enjoyed practically unlimited credit at the banks. He drafted the laws for the Chickasaw legislature; became adviser for the Chickasaw Nation under Governor Douglas H. Johnston, whose niece he married; and successfully resisted the then Secretary of the Interior, Hitchcock, in various attempts to deprive the Chickasaws of rights which other Indian tribes at the time relinquished.

In 1903 he retired to his ranch, where he occupied himself with an intensive study of constitutional government. Two years later he was a vice-president of the Sequoyah Convention (Muskogee), whose object was the admission of the eastern portion of the present Oklahoma as a separate state. This aim proved abortive, but Murray's leadership was apparent and recognized at Muskogee as it was subsequently at the Constitutional Convention of the new State of Oklahoma in Guthrie, 1906-1907. He had already acquired the familiar nickname. Always interested in agriculture, Murray had made a speech on the merits of alfalfa (a plant new then, but now well and profitably known in Oklahoma), at a meeting of a coöperative society for growing and marketing potatoes. Struck by the word, and associating it with "bills," one Arthur Sinclair got the story of the meeting into the newspapers. Murray contributed a requested article on alfalfa to a Muskogee paper. The headline ran "Alfalfa Bill on Alfalfa," and Alfalfa Bill he has been, popularly, ever since. His other nickname, "Cockleburr Bill," invented by the editor of a newspaper at Wapanucka (the unsuccessful bidder against Tishomingo for the county seat), was featured for several months by the Guthrie *State Capitol* in a series of anti-Murray cartoons during the convention. It was trotted out again in the 1930 gubernatorial campaign.

It was at the Guthrie Convention that I first saw Alfalfa Bill. A quartette of college vocalists, for whom I was accompanist, was making a concert tour. We had to wait at Guthrie between trains, and somebody suggested that we drop in and entertain the delegates. As we entered the hall, the director remarked: "We'll meet Alfalfa Bill. Mark that man. He is making history." I fully expected to find Bill chewing a sprig of alfalfa, and was perhaps a little disappointed to see, dressed in modest, though not perfectly pressed, black—including coat—a "typical Westerner, having an angular figure, large nose and eyes, long hair and a moustache" standing out "about five inches on both sides," not differing materially from other "prominent" men of the bucolic districts and small towns in which my sixteen years up to that time had been spent. The quoted description of Bill, by an Eastern reporter of the first Oklahoma legislature, fits him, with allowances for the quarter-century that has elapsed, perfectly at this date.

Murray's work at the convention is a matter of public record that need not be dwelt upon here. In accepting the presidency of the assembly, he declared:

> I belong to that class of men who believe that there is such a thing as integrity and honesty in politics. The quicker the people of this country believe that and understand it, the quicker will they conduct campaigns on the broad basis of honesty and public policy and not on a basis of misrepresentation.

Two other quotations from his utterances during the convention will bear repetition:

> Public office is a public trust, and should not be bartered away for personal gain, political advantage, or promotion by the appointive power. . . .
>
> Democracy in government, brotherhood in its relation to society, equality in rights and privileges, as well as in duties and obligations, . . . must be the aim of every state.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whatever fault may be found with Alfalfa Bill, it cannot be denied that he has endeavored to live up to an ideal, expressed in his own definition of a public official:

> An honest, wise, brave man—too honest to be bought; too wise to be deceived; too brave to be intimidated.

One of his present office rules is:

> Don't try to deceive me. Be brief and to the point, because I suspect your motive already.

It has been said with justice that the Oklahoma Constitutional Convention was one of the greatest ever assembled in America since that which drafted the Constitution of the United States. The members were not only, in the main, able men, but they were also courageous and honest; consequently, there were frequent bitter contests, but Alfalfa Bill Murray, when the fuss was over, generally had his way. Not without reason has he therefore been styled the "Father of the Oklahoma Constitution."

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

By LOUIS GOLDING

A DAY or two ago I went back to the great industrial city in the North Country where I was born. For an hour or two I haunted the small working-class street in which I spent my boyhood. Now such a street is the perfect epitome of our civilization, far more than a Bond Street or a Park Lane; for of those of our fellows who live in cities, the majority live in a street exactly like it.

Hence during these two days a question has obsessed my brain insistently. Judging from that small street, how far has our civilization advanced? Has it advanced at all?

For a moment or two I found it hard to realize I had not been in that place for twenty years. It would not have been like that if it had been Piccadilly Circus or the suburbs of Oxford or the lake-front of Chicago from which I had been absent so long. "Good Lord!" I would have said. "It's a hundred years ago since I was last this way, not a mere twenty!"

But gradually I began to note the subtle modifications that had taken place. I became aware that whereas the girls twenty years ago all wore cotton stockings, they now wore artificial silk stockings and even, some of them, real silk stockings. In most of the houses gramophones had been a rare luxury twenty years ago, and now there was a wireless set in all. The youths had little more to do in the evenings of the old days but to sit about yarning in the barber-saloon. Or they played billiards. Now for youths and girls, for old folk, for infants, there were three large cinemas within fifteen minutes' walk and a great many more within fifteen minutes' tram-ride. On the nights when the youths did not take their girls to the cinema, they took them scorching out into the countryside on the pillion seats of their motor-bicycles. Some of these young men had been out of work for a long time; had, perhaps, not known a full day's work since their boyhood. They were in receipt of weekly allowances from the state. They had no heels on their shoes, they were often hungry, but they managed to keep up their motor-bicycles.

Did all that indicate progress or retrogress? I could not make up my mind. I finally slipped into the barber-saloon at the corner of the street to have a shave, to see if that would help me.

Now a barber-saloon stood in the same place twenty years ago, and there is no question at all it was then a far more primitive institution. There was a horse-hair sofa against the long wall that faced the shaving-chairs. This was for the use of the more honored clients, who were shaved more than twice a week and sometimes had a shampoo, even a friction with hair-singe. Small boys sat on a rickety wooden form when they came to have their hair cut. They were not allowed to come at all on Saturdays, when there was far too much doing to get the young men nice and clean for the girls they were going to take out that evening. Against that same wall hung two pictures, or one picture, to be exact, for they displayed precisely the same subject, namely the Bride of Abydos. The lady wore a red cap from which a blue veil fluttered against the nape of her snowy neck. Her shoulders were bare, and so was a great deal of her bosom. "I always smoke Gilligan's Cigarettes," the Bride of Abydos suggested in large type. She, or she and her twin sister, were the sole decoration of the room, unless the noble array of fifty shaving-mugs inserted in a nest of pigeon-holes on the wall facing the door ought to be listed as a decoration. For certainly they were not used, though the numbers up to fifty, painted boldly on the face of the mugs, invited fifty fastidious gentlemen to reserve for their sole use their private brush and soap. But the gentlemen of the small street were not so fastidious.

Between the two large mirrors, on the wall facing the Bride of Abydos, hung a mysterious framed text, which announced simply: "Dr. Gael's Electrolytic Scalp Treatment; One and Six."

The time could not be remembered when that text had not hung between the mirrors, or when the treatment it recommended had been tried. Who was Dr. Gael? In what house of learning had they conferred his diploma upon him? And electrolytic? Why electrolytic? Yet obviously the word implied subtleties of dermatological research beyond the boundaries of the merely electric. It was very puzzling.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The barber-saloon I entered now, twenty years later, was a much more imposing affair. It didn't call itself a barber-saloon at all. It was "Clausen's Pompeian Rooms" now. Behind a large plate glass window were three wax ladies in a state of exotic undress. It was a good thing, too, they stopped at the waist. From that point they became pedestals. If the city I had returned to were not an English city, the three ladies would have given you the impression that the things the Clausens had to sell inside were much less innocent than permanent waves and shampoo powders. Yet that was all they were there for. They had diverse but very complicated coiffeurs, and the Clausens were prepared to do the same by you, if you were a lady. It was their strong suit.

In the Pompeian Rooms proper there was practically no space for men to have anything done to them —just a little cubby-hole with two shaving-chairs and a small form. The rest was all partitioned off and took in the old living-room and a fair part of the upstairs premises. It was hard to say where the Clausens themselves slept, unless they camped out among the three wax ladies.

Directly over the partition, which stopped just below the frieze, was the large framed text, which in 1911, no less than now in 1931, exhorted me to try "Dr. Gael's Electrolytic Treatment 1/6." It was queer that the Clausens, who were not merely hairdressers, but trichologists, had not removed the advertisement for so primordial and uncostly a treatment. Even in this season of acute trade depression the Clausens thought in terms of guinea, rather than shilling, treatments. It was like seeing a price list for cupping and leeching in a Harley Street surgery. It can only be supposed that the Clausens felt, like the customers in the old time, that there was a voodoo attached to the text. If they removed it from the wall, Dr. Gael would come round at night and nick pieces off their razors and clog the loose locks of their beautifully balanced waving-irons.

Whatever Dr. Gael's treatment was it must have been a poor unsubtle thing compared with the trichological rites the Clausens had at their command. They were masters of the latest methods of permanent, marcel, water and finger waving, and were enthusiastic corresponding members of the Beautician's Book Club of America. Truly the place had ceased to be a club for the poor youths of the street, as it had been when I was a boy. It gave the impression that it was rather inconsiderate of males generally to have hairs sprouting round their chins.

I entered, feeling extremely humble for requiring no more complex service than to be shaved. Mr. Clausen looked at me with distaste.

"Take a seat, sir, please!" he requested icily.

I sat down. Mr. Clausen seized my chin without sympathy. He was about to get his brush to work when his eyes grew round with horror. My heart jumped into my mouth.

"I'm sorry, sir. A clear case of seborrhea!" announced Mr. Clausen. "Not to mention hypertrochosis!"

"I beg your pardon?" I stammered.

"A regrettable excess of growth at the follicle and papilla! Yes, sir. You need prompt attention!"

"But—but—"

"There's no but about it, sir. Perhaps I may be permitted to explain. According to the law of polarity, there has been an overstimulation of your trophic nerves. . . . What is required is a concentration at the roots of the hair of what Gurwitch calls the mitogenetic rays. Now, sir. Either a shampoo or Toplitz's electro-dynamic treatment . . ."

That was how it went on for quite a long time. I shudder to think what my bill was when I finally rose from my chair and staggered to the door. My head was thudding like a ship's engines. My knees knocked like castanets.

There was still a public-house at the corner of the street, as there had been twenty years ago. I made my way there with the gait of one who had spent most of the intervening time in public-houses. I crawled into the Private Bar. I remembered that the owner of the public-house, an illustrious ex-pugilist, used to bestow on the Private Bar the honor of his personal attention. A great, simple, roaring creature he was, with a face like the sun and a body like a bullock.

But it was another sort of landlord who now, twenty years after, administered the local thirst. He was a small man, rather bald, with a waterproof collar and a bow tie. He wore pincenez. He was expounding something or other, as I entered, in the manner of a university extension lecturer.

"The non-volatile matter contained in solution in beer," he squeaked, "consists mainly of maltose, several varieties of dextrin, a number of nitrogenous substances. . ."

I crawled out again, parched with thirst though I was. I wiped away a tear. And now you can understand why the question has obsessed me night and day: *Has our civilization advanced during the last twenty years? How far? How much is it worth anyhow?*

Evangelium Joannis

One Word enshrines all loveliness that passes,
One Word endures when earth has gone to dust,
Let the loud song shake the celestial rafters,
All things remain unscarred by moth or rust.

Let beauty die, a Word has spanned this transience,
Linked every blossom to the unfailing Vine,
The arch of sky grows wider yet and bluer,
See, how the failing waters turn to wine!

That Word was said, a sword to vanquish Kronos;
His veils are rent, behold a face of clay!
One Word enshrines all loveliness that passes,
Take up your lute, beloved, it is day.

FRANCIS B. THORNTON.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GANDHI AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

By J. STEENKISTE

THE NAME of Gandhi is a household word in India. The man himself is undoubtedly still supreme as a leader, not merely of a party—the Congress party—but of the nation. His hold on the minds and hearts of the Indian people, though it may have suffered an eclipse before the civil disobedience movement started in 1930, is as strong as ever.

The career of the great reformer and national hero is well known to a part at least of the public in Europe and the States. Born in Gujavat—a portion of the Bombay Presidency—on October 2, 1868, he belongs to the Bunia caste of traders. In 1888 he left India for England to study law. He returned to India in 1891, whence he proceeded to Natal in South Africa to do legal work. During the Boer War he rendered service by raising an Indian ambulance corps. Taking up, later on, the cause of the Indian workers, he started a passive resistance movement agaist the poll-tax imposed on his countrymen in South Africa. This was the beginning of his fame and influence in India. At the outbreak of the World War he happened to be in England. Once more he volunteered for the ambulance service, but was shortly invalided home. His first passive resistance campaign, begun in March, 1919, led to his arrest in March, 1922. Released in 1924, he again became prominent in 1930, and put himself at the head of the movement which was stopped by the Gandhi-Irwin agreement—the truce, as it was called. His recent journey to London, to attend the Round-Table Conference and discuss the future Constitution of India has aroused wide interest.

This bare summary does not account for the man's popularity and prodigious influence over his countrymen. To understand these, however imperfectly, one must know something of his personality, which in its turn has been affected by circumstances. Many factors have been at work in the shaping of this extraordinary, and in some respects unique, yet deeply human, character. Early contact with the West, relations with Tolstoi, intercourse with missionaries—mainly, if not exclusively, Protestant—acquaintance with the Bible, wide experience of men both at home and outside India, sympathy with the masses, all help to make intelligible the complex features of this high-souled reformer. The key, however, that enables one to enter into the recesses of his richly endowed personality, is the Hinduism which he professes in all sincerity and earnestness. To go one step further, the interplay of Western influences, the knowledge of and admiration for certain parts of the Christian Scriptures, especially the Sermon on the Mount, and the tenets of Hinduism, have combined to form the man who now stands before the world as one of the greatest figures history has known. Moreover, one must take into account his innate genius and the indefinable qualities that contribute to form a leader; others subject to the same forces which molded his sensitive and receptive nature, have not emerged above the level of the common run of educated men.

His doctrine and practice of non-violence, his opposition to Western ways, the intense love he bears for the motherland, can be traced to the composite factors already indicated. *Ahimsa* (non-hurting), or the principle of not harming any form of life, is a fairly common Hindu principle based on ulterior and more fundamental doctrines relating to particular views on the survival of the soul. With Gandhi, as is well known, this was reinforced or colored by his interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount. His principle of non-violence gave the political movements of recent years their peculiarity. Though some of his followers may have had a strange way of applying the principle, the leader has more than once sternly set his face against whatever savors of violent physical action.

Gandhi's very patriotism is the outcome of his religious beliefs. He is intent on establishing the *Rama Rajya,* the kingdom of Rama, i.e., the reign of righteousness. He writes:

> I am a humble seeker after truth, impatient to realize myself, to attain spiritual deliverance in this very existence. My national service is part of the training I undergo for freeing my soul from the bondage of the flesh. . . . So my patriotism is for me a stage in my journey to the land of eternal freedom and peace.

He hates no one, as the following statements testify:

> Though . . . a Mussulman or a Christian or a Hindu may despise me and hate me, I want to love him and serve him even as I would love my wife or son, though they hate me. . . .
>
> For me, the road to salvation lies through incessant toil in the service of my country and of humanity.

It is not to be wondered if this noble, ascetic and unselfish figure appeals to the great majority of his countrymen. It has been said (John S. Hoyland, "The Case for India," p. 149) that Hinduism has two main elements of strength: "It connects life and faith, and it lays great emphasis upon the following of ideal personality." Gandhi, as the quotations given clearly show, does not separate religion from life, not even from political life, and his personality has endeared itself to the devoted admiration of his people. These reflections, I admit, could be more amply developed, and illustrations from politics and economics, as he views them in the light of his principles, multiplied. His insistence on the spinning-wheel is thus not merely a device to promote home industry. It has a spiritual significance, and will tend to encourage a return to greater simplicity.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Though Hinduism has its weaknesses, to insist exclusively on them would be unfair. Some of its nobler features have already been acknowledged, and there are many more. Witness the wonderfully pure idea of God entertained by some of the greatest Hindu minds —philosophers who rank on a par with the greatest of Western antiquity, the best of whom have their own share of errors. These traits, however, do not pertain to the present discussion. Not to overemphasize what is less praiseworthy in Hinduism, I may select one point which has attracted the attention of many, and concerning which Gandhi has been accused of inconsistency—unfairly, one will add, on a closer examination of the case. I refer to the question of untouchability. It has been said or implied that Gandhi has lost his sympathy for the untouchables, on whose behalf he spoke so eloquently at first. This particular issue has been excellently dealt with in a remarkable series of articles in the *Light of the East,* ably conducted by two Jesuit Fathers of Calcutta. "We shall be unfit to gain *Swaraj* [self-government gives some idea of the meaning of this term] so long as we keep in bondage a fifth of the population of Hindustan," Gandhi contended. In other words, before asking to cease to be "pariahs in the empire," the Hindus must first cease to consider as pariahs the fellow countrymen in their midst. Later, Gandhi changed the order: *Swaraj* is put first and the question of untouchability is dismissed for later consideration. Does this abrupt *volte-face* mean that Gandhi abandoned his less-favored countrymen to their hard fate and has ceased to care for them? Not likely. Is it due to lack of courage? Still less. The true answer seems to be that Gandhi recognizes that he has failed in his struggle against untouchability. The failure is due to the fact that it is a hopeless task to cure the evil without removing its deep-lying cause, the doctrine of transmigration, to which Gandhi, like other Hindus, firmly adheres. You cannot at one and the same time "defend the cause and condemn the effect." If in virtue of antecedents laid in a previous life, one is reborn in a lower condition, how is it possible to maintain that the law thus governing man's fate is just and yet rebel against its consequences?

The Church of Christ offers the remedy for this disease inherent in Hinduism. But is Gandhi prepared to accept the Church? Does he know her? And if he does, what is his attitude toward her?

Gandhi is not ignorant of Christianity. He has many friends and admirers among Protestant clergymen. It does not appear that he is equally well acquainted with Catholics and Catholicism. One or two attempts, to my knowledge, were made to bring him into contact with the Church. Nothing resulted from them. Nor have I come across, in the Catholic press in India, any expression of the views he may have formed about our faith. There was some stir, a few months ago, when Gandhi, in an interview echoes of which provided editors with copy, declared—to quote from *Young India* for April 23, 1931:

> If instead of confining themselves to purely humanitarian work such as education, medical services to the poor, and the like, they [i.e., the missionaries] would use these activities of theirs for the purpose of proselytizing, I would certainly ask them to withdraw. Every nation considers its faith to be as good as that of any other. Certainly the great faiths held by the people of India are adequate for her people. India stands in no need of conversion from one faith to another.

Vigorous protests from several quarters did not leave Gandhi indifferent. He explained that what he objected to was unfair methods of proselytizing. Some have construed his explanations into a practical withdrawal from his original position. This would show that Gandhi is not so intolerant as might be thought, and that the idea of persecution is remote from his mind.

But throughout the debate occasioned by his initial remarks on missionaries, there is no sign discernible that he ever had the Church or Catholic missionaries particularly in view. He met once the Catholic Bishop of Tuticorin, and on the occasion of a tour in southern India, two of his close followers came to the college conducted in Trichinopoly by Jesuit missionaries. They wanted to know, and the nature of their errand guarantees their earnestness and sincerity, how we understand and practise celibacy. They seemed, from their opinions on the subject, to insist especially on abstention from certain foods and drinks as a powerful means to conquer the passions. One of the Fathers explained to them the idea of self-control, less by mere mechanical means than by the exercise of the will. He felt it difficult to enter into the part played herein by grace, not having time to discuss the matter fully. Beyond casual contacts, Gandhi and his intimates apparently do not then know or realize what the Church is and what she stands for, though there is much in her doctrine that would attract him on closer acquaintance.

There has been some speculation, in the press, about the future of the Church in this vast country with its 350,000,000 inhabitants. Fears have been expressed that opposition would have to be expected and serious obstacles to be faced. On the other hand, persecution and intolerance are alien to the temperament of the majority. Mussulmans, who in this juncture are not unanimous in accepting the leadership of Gandhi, will not brook interference with their religion. Is it likely that Catholics will be subject to invidious discrimination, especially if they defend their rights and show themselves second to none in the loyal service of their country? The Church is building up in India a growing body of indigenous clergy, thus rendering her position more secure. When the Hindus and their leader will understand that she comes not to destroy, still less to crush or annihilate, but to remove imperfections which they themselves would fain try to obliterate, and to complete and build up unto salvation, they will be less inclined to object to her presence and her activities. May the efforts of those who toil in this chosen portion of the vineyard bring at last the light of perfect dawn!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN ANALYSIS[1]

By M. P. CONNERY

AT THE forty-sixth annual convention of the Massachusetts branch of the American Federation of Labor, at New Bedford, on August 4, President Green outlined organized labor's remedy for unemployment conditions, and is quoted as recommending "the five-day week, maintenance of the present wage scale and expenditure of government moneys for public works." These three proposals are commonly accepted as the complete panacea for our present economic difficulties. The propositions are ever presented but never analyzed.

What would be the effect of a five-day week? If the product of a five-day week were equal to that of the six-day week, there would be no change in the degree of unemployment or the relative condition of capital and labor, except that labor would have an extra day a week to brood over its inability to dress up and go anywhere. Capital would get its present return, also, because there would be no occasion for a different rate of return to capital; that is, the rate of interest would remain constant. And when the writer speaks of capital's compensation he refers only to the rate of true interest. That which an industry makes over and above interest on its invested capital is earnings, the earnings of the owner or operator of the industry, just as the compensation of its employees is earnings.

It would be wrong to take earnings from the owner of an industry, as it would be wrong to take from the employee any of his earnings, and, besides, it is not possible to take earnings from the owners of industry. What an industry earns, above interest, represents its efficiency relative to other industries. The thing common to all industry is interest on capital. The thing which capitalists cannot control, except through the ignorance of the people generally, is the rate of interest.

Why would the rate of interest remain constant under a five-day week, assuming the product to be as great as in a six-day week? Because the amount of capital required would be the same—this being a part of our assumption in the first place. Then we would have it that capital would likewise get as much for operating five days as it now gets for six days' work.

Of course, five days' work will never bring six days' product. What then? Well, to maintain the amount of product it will be necessary to increase the quantity of capital. Increased amount of capital means an increased return to capital, even though there be no increase in the rate of interest. But a forced increase in capital would necessitate an increase in the rate of interest. Then, under a five-day week capital's share of the product would be absolutely increased and there would be an increase even in its rate of return. The intelligent capitalist is not offended by talk of a five-day week, if it is proposed to be universally observed.

The earnings of the owners and operators of industry being necessary as the measure of their efficiency, and being untouchable, the only possible source of benefit to the workers is in interest on capital. But a short work-week means more interest on capital, and it is the interest on capital which creates the surplus which is the sole cause of unemployment. Shortening the work-week does not lessen the surplus, it aggravates it; because a greater amount of the product goes to the capitalist, and surplus consists of that which is owned by the capitalists.

Maintaining the wage scale would not nullify any of the foregoing conclusions. In fact, though you double the present wage scale, if you leave the present amount of interest to the capitalists, the surplus in their hands must persist.

From criticism we come to commendation. "Expenditure of government moneys for public works" is an infallible method of putting all men to work. At whose cost? Why, only at the expense of those who work. The capitalists, as capitalists, could not contribute a dollar's worth to the noble task. Those who would be employed on government work would consume and make use of only that which was the product of the other men's labor. If the government issued bonds, the purchases would represent the exchange of equal values; the capitalists would possess value equal to the value of the money they paid for the bonds. In fact, they would then own interest-bearing money.

Why, then, the opposition to such large-scale financing of government works as advocated by such men as Dr. John A. Ryan, Senator Wagner of New York, and Messrs. Foster and Catchings of the Pollak Institute for Economic Research? Mr. Foster publically stated nearly a year ago that the depression would cease to exist "tomorrow" if the government would only spend money as lavishly as it did during the war, with its same disregard for "planned, economical expenditure."

The reason why the government will not spend enough money to put everyone to work is because it would be too long before the capitalists could realize physical wealth for their sheaves of paper money. Since the war they have been able to realize only a billion a year or so on their war bonds, this being the amount per annum that the government has been paying off on its war debt, and it approximately conforms with the amount of our annual investments abroad. But the world has now stopped taking our billion a year, and our government has accordingly stopped paying its billion a year to the capitalist bondholders. Because when our bondholders must invest in this country whatever payment our government makes to them, the effect

[1] Editor's Note: The views expressed in this paper are in no wise to be considered representative of THE COMMONWEAL's editorial position.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is merely to reduce the purchasing-power of all money, and then the bondholders are paid without any cost to the people. And why shouldn't this be so, since government cost, as with all cost, must consist of labor and the products of labor—not of pieces of paper in the form of money. And the labor cost must have been paid in full in the first instance; there is no such thing as putting any proper cost on future generations.

Of course, extraordinary government work could be financed by taxation. But President Hoover doesn't want to burden the common man with increased taxes, and the business man must also be protected against higher taxation. Yet to relieve the present situation there has got to be a burden borne, and it is not possible for any but the common man to bear it. There would have to be an increase in business equal to the amount of work the government undertook. Business men generally would have to make their ordinary amount of profit and would add to the price an amount equal to that taken by the government in additional taxes. In fact, the government could not take a dollar's worth of capital by any form or by any degree of taxation. All taxes, and all government expenditures, must be paid out of the current product, not out of any particle of capital, and certainly not a cent's worth of the cost can be transferred even to the next generation. But government undertakings financed by taxation do not afford the great prospect for profit that bond issues do, and bond issues cannot at the present time be made profitable, so there is no practicable means of relieving unemployment.

Unfortunately, this paper contains many simple statements of fact that are not within the ken of the average reader; and, still more unfortunately, he is the very one to gulp down the general statements of those whose every foolish word is presented in the public press as economic wisdom.

However, there is a point that requires explanation. It is represented that the capitalists can lose nothing by putting all to work, and that the cause of unemployment is in the surplus in the hands of the capitalists. Then mustn't the capitalists lose their surplus before unemployment can be ended? No. The extensive operations of the government would require the enlargement of industries which would take the surplus money from the capitalists, that is, the capitalists would turn their excess money into physical wealth. It is only by increasing industry some 3 percent a year that the current rate of interest can be maintained. If industry did not increase annually, there would be no place to put the enormous savings of capitalists in the form of interest, and interest money is useless when it isn't used but represents merely a surplus that brings about the condition of general unemployment.

A MEXICAN PAINTER

By FRANK C. HANIGHEN

SOMETHING has happened to Diego Rivera. This *enfant terrible* of Mexican painting, this iconoclast and Bolshevik, has mellowed and his murals in the state capitol in Cuernavaca show it. Perhaps it has been due to contact with that extraordinary man, Dwight Morrow, who was a friend of the painter and who donated these splendid paintings which adorn the walls of the capitol building of the state of Morelos. Perhaps it simply signalizes the maturity of a man who has been so long considered as one of the most promising artists of the present day and indisputably the foremost artist of the Western Hemisphere. Perhaps it is but an aesthetic symptom of the sea-change which has swept over the Mexican nation.

It was not always thus with him. When the government, with a judgment and liberality rare among political bodies, gave him the commission to adorn the galleries around the court of the Secretariat of Education, he stunned the artistic sensibilities of Mexico City art lovers. Accustomed to the eighteenth-century pictures of Miguel Cabrera—gentle, peaceful canvases of the Murillo school—lulled by the antimacassar-cum-chromo complacency of the Diaz epoch, the conservative dilettantes of the country were harshly awakened. They had not realized that there was cultural lag here, that art could not persist in the old *cientifico* style when the political and economic life had changed, and that a revolutionary style together with a Communistic ideology were likely to appear in art. So not only his Gauguin figures, his Picasso draughtsmanship and color were upsetting but his Marxian propaganda was plain defiance to folk who still thought in terms of foreign concessions and bond issues.

Even foreigners rubbed their eyes, and Paul Morand, that blasé *flaneur* among continents, exclaimed with admiration of the art and reprobation of the propaganda. Of course there were protests by bodies of citizens whose taxes paid for the artist's salary. But Rivera showed his derision for these people by caricaturing them in his bourgeois figures. On these panels exist for all posterity the artist's hatred of these brahmins expressed in the sneering terms of bomb-like busts, enormous double-chins, crooked noses, affected smiles, sensual lips, and fish-like eyes. He even cartooned Vasconcelos, the secretary who gave him the commission.

But he went right on with his interpretations of oppressed Indians, sweated factory workers, crippled miners, bloated capitalists à la *New Masses* and greedy *politicos*. The emblematic sickle and hammer was a favorite device, and the agitator was treated like a new Messiah. But the audacity of the design, the integrity of the coloring, the unmistakable genius and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

originality of the work transcended all this. Someone said that Rivera's propaganda never drove away the true art-lover nor converted him to Communism, but it did succeed in converting many Communists to art.

One capitalist at least was converted to a belief in Rivera's artistic greatness, for it is due to Mr. Morrow's generosity that Rivera was given the commission to paint the Cuernavaca frescoes. It is an old saw, Taine's theory of the influence of political, economic and climatic conditions on genius. But surely no one can remain fanatical in the emollient atmosphere of this quaint old town. It is in the temperate zone, protected from the shivery blasts that descend from snow-topped Popocatapetl, yet safely out of reach of the steamy vapors which come from the tropical lowlands. American tourists take to it as they do to Cannes. Some decades ago, those other and less welcome tourists, Maximilian and Carlotta, found it delectable. And to go back four centuries, in 1525 Hernando Cortez built his idea of a country house here, a great gloomy castle with bristling battlements, fat masonry, wide corridors, long walls and sunny porches.

Cortez's castle is now the state house, and it is on the walls of these corridors and porches that Diego Rivera has celebrated the beauty and history of this lovely country. Possibly admiration of its history is the dominant note of these frescoes—a note of reverence and glorification of the past that seems to be Rivera's most recent characteristic. It is seen in his new work in the National Palace in Mexico City and it is here also in all his new verve and pristine power. The savage splendor of struggle for struggle's sake brings him to give reluctant due to the energy of Cortez. Rivera's *conquistadores* have as much admirable power and energy in them as cruelty, and there is quite a decorative glamor in their armor and accouterments. Even Cortez is depicted in a mellow sentimental mood with Malintzi, his Indian sweetheart and interpreter.

This elegiac perception of the beauty of the past, a vision strained through a profound knowledge of Mexico's travail and sorrow, with propaganda and bias subordinated to the general design, has borne fruit in these frescoes. Few people know that throughout the length and breadth of the republic there is not a single monument erected to the memory of Cortez. That Rivera, the ardent Mexican nationalist, should in this fashion fill the gap and celebrate the glory of the great Spaniard in these frescoes is significant. It represents a change from his former pro-Indian and anti-Spanish tendencies to a saner, more conservative attitude.

Nor is this all. Many will be happy to know that Rivera has at last paid a cultural debt of gratitude to the nobility of the Church in Mexico. The panel of Fray Motilinia teaching the Indians is one of the most realistic and unforgettable. The Friar is portrayed as a humble priest, with the face of a pathetic martyr, rather than as a great educator and scholar; it seems to be a most sympathetic interpretation of the Friar's character and it is a splendid painting. More impressive is the frieze showing Bartolome de las Casas protecting the Indians from the Spanish soldiers. Rivera's miraculous power of line is at its best here in the beauty of Father Bartolome's profile and gesture.

Of course, the artist's radical ideology is not entirely extinct. There is a panel portraying the imposition of Catholicism on the Indians, but it lacks bitterness. Also the picture of the Indians working as slaves in the sugar plantations, surely a subject for acrimonious treatment, is comparatively mild and is informed with none of that spirit of social protest which one sees in his murals in Mexico City. Manifestly his old radical fervor and ideology have been modified.

On both sides of one portal, the two leaders Morelos and Zapata are depicted, with vigor and reverence. The former fairly advances on us with saber in hand, and the belligerent features of this handsome creole are indelibly rendered. More subtle and memorable is the enigmatic figure of Emiliano Zapata, once the Robin Hood of this country and later a victim of treachery. His figure is treated in two other places, once reclining over the top of a doorway and again in a long panel accompanied by his famous white horse and his devoted soldiers. Rivera was with Zapata during the revolution, so that it is no wonder that he has re-created here the glamor of that *épopée*.

All Cuernavaca's pageantry of past days is represented in these frescoes. There is a curiously elaborate panel showing how the Spaniards first gained access to the town by crossing a deep gorge by means of a fallen tree. It is interesting to know that over an ancient causeway built through this same gorge the Indians now bring gaudily colored pottery to market. The construction of the palace itself is combined with one of Rivera's market scenes and the ensemble is particularly absorbing and colorful. All the town's history is here—save the Maximilian and Carlotta episode. Perhaps in some other place, the master will give us his version of this crinoline invasion of the land of the eagle and serpent. It is interesting to speculate as to whether, in doing it, he will revert to satire, one of the best of his earlier moods, or whether he will stress the sardonic tragedy of the emperor.

Outside, as one comes away from these walls so swarming with life and color, it is restful to look at the peaceful surrounding scene. The peasants bring sugar cane to market on the backs of patient little burros from haciendas in which they now have a stake; these men who were rebels under Zapata a decade ago are now landowners and conservatives. In the ancient church of Cortez close by, priests are saying Mass unhindered, just as they did before 1926, and indeed as they did four hundred years ago. The railroad and the smooth new auto highway wind over the mountains to the capital where the radicals of yesterday are the Tories of today. One reflects that not only climate but also political conditions may have a considerable effect on artistic sensibilities; and one concludes that Rivera is a great artist and that Taine was right.

LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FRENCH IN AMERICA

By H. A. JULES-BOIS

IN THE complex composition of the American race the French contribution does not appear the least important. It seems to have evaporated, or rather been absorbed by the puissant mélange of this country; and that happened even before the formal establishment of the United States as a republic. But the spirit of our pioneers has not been entirely lost; it still exists in the collective soul of the continent discovered by Columbus.

The French were the first to discover the Mississippi Valley, which they yielded later on to the young republic. The first *Coureurs des Bois* were French. How many towns and cities, from New Orleans to Quebec, passing through St. Louis, still bear memorable French names! They are eloquent testimony to the services rendered by the French to the future community in breaking up a virgin soil, without profiting from it, all the benefits being granted to the generations now occupying the land. Mr. William D. Guthrie wrote with "the most unalterable gratitude" these memorable sentences: "An historian might eloquently point out the strange Nemesis which has followed the history of the French on our continent. It is a very long, complicated and extremely sad story; each series of splendid and glorious exploits of Frenchmen being followed by disaster and eclipse. . . . But nowhere has France secured adequate return and recognition; nowhere has France reaped material rewards from the seed she sowed."

Innumerable are the missionaries, scholars, soldiers, explorers who have left on this territory their indelible stamp. Champlain, Cartier, de Monts, Marquette, Joliet, Hennepin, La Salle, Bienville, Touty, are amongst the most celebrated. But many others, today forgotten, joined in the labor without gathering the laurels. Let us, however, not think their effort vain, though we have gained no apparent advantage. These heroes and saints, whose work is written on earth and in many hearts, welded a substantial bond between their motherland and yours.

La Salle founded Chicago; and his statue on the borders of Lake Michigan records in stone the historical wonder. But where in New York is there a sign reminding the man in the street that the city was originally "Neuf-Avesnes"? In 1575 was born in Avesnes, department of Nord, Jessé de Forest, who in 1623 established on the right bank of the Hudson, with his French companions, a settlement that was the nucleus of the town christened by the Dutch, "Nieuwe Amsterdam," and by the English, New York.

French colonies now flourish, crowded and active, in many states of this great republic, particularly in New Orleans, New York, San Francisco. More than a million French Canadians have increased the hard-working and useful population of America. Still the majority of French immigrants—good Americans as they become—have merged and melted in the great melting-pot amalgamating with the character and blood of the other inhabitants, and imparting to them certain durable tones, especially a nostalgia for Paris and France.

The strongest links between the two republics can hardly be expressed by words; they lie in the deep and sacred silences of the heart. They are spiritual links; history exhibits rather than explains them.

When Lafayette, Rochambeau and their brothers-in-arms hastened to the aid of the New England colonists eager for self-government, the very spirit of France guided them—not the will of a monarch or a statesman. "At the earliest news of the American struggle," Lafayette wrote in his memoirs, "my heart was enlisted." All were animated by the belief in the Rights of Man to follow his legitimate aspirations, and by the true love of universal liberty that leavens France, and has led her on many occasions to sacrifice all that she had, not alone for self but for civilization.

When he put his sword at the service of Washington, the Marquis de Lafayette was twenty years of age. "As young as Roland or Joan of Arc," he was inspired by conscience like both of them and also like them a legendary character in modern times. No other interest drove him, as he said, but to win "his brevet of immortality," *la gloire!* He did still more. He was an instrument in the designs of a Supernal Guidance Which willed that America, for her own greatness and the liberation of other races, should be free. So Lafayette served his country well, for a country is only great when it is the servant of mankind and God. And sooner or later Providence rewards men and peoples who have spread the principles of generosity and freedom. In devoting himself to the cause of the United States, at the end of the eighteenth century, Lafayette unwittingly sustained the cause of France in the twentieth century. The flame of independence, enkindled in America, was to illuminate the world forever.

This *Prince Charmant* was rich, nobly bred, a gallant hero of battles, a figure of romance, and a bard who wrote with his courage and virtue a poem by turns epic, idyllic and romantic. Supremely fortunate in all things, he found at sixteen his soul's better half, and his married life was one of untroubled tenderness. His greatest achievement was giving the lie to the legendary ingratitude of democracies. This spotless Don Juan of destinies, who remained faithful to one unique Elvire, this son of Gaul and soldier of Columbia, was considered by France and America as "the idol of the whole nation."

When on May 19, 1824, with white locks he returned to New York, the grateful republic welcomed him with deep and solemn jubilation as the brother-in-arms and friend of Washington and the knight of Liberty. Similar outbursts of effusion and fusion between the two countries were evoked by Pershing's arrival in France in 1917.

In one of his most celebrated speeches, Daniel Webster, addressing himself to Lafayette, and recalling that he voiced in France the first declaration of the Rights of Man, proclaimed: "Fortunate, fortunate man! . . . You are connected with both hemispheres and with two generations. Heaven saw fit to ordain that the electric spark of liberty should be conducted through you from the New World to the Old; and we who are now here to perform this duty of patriotism, have, all of us, long ago received it in charge from our fathers to cherish your name and your virtues. . . ."

Several years ago, betwen two trips to America, I attended a lecture by Mr. James Hazen Hyde on "The Rôle of France in the Development of the United States," in which he related many interesting and little-known incidents in connection with the War of Independence. In 1782, he said, the Chamber of Commerce of Marseilles put at the disposal of the splendid adventure 300,000 *livres* for a ship of 120 guns, Le Commerce de Marseille; with the Marseillais and La Provence it figured in the squadron bringing to America the army of Rochambeau. Mr. Hyde said further: "It is by learning the history of his own country that the American learns to love France. He learns to love France and more particularly to love Provence. . . . I have been surprised at the considerable number of Provençaux who took part in the war. . . . In order to aid us to gain our independence, Provence sacrificed hundreds of her own sons. There are then between us imperishable souvenirs, debts which will never be paid." So speaks a great American.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A SUMMER SCHOOL

By GEORGIANA PUTNAM McENTEE

THE FISCAL crisis in England has led me to think a great deal of late about British economic and political problems and has called up vivid recollections of some time I spent at Oxford last July with a most interesting group at the Annual Summer School of the Catholic Social Guild. The gathering, while predominantly British, included members from the Irish Free State, Germany and the United States. So decisive in discourse were the delegates of the Scottish contingent that I was not surprised to hear one Englishman comment jocosely to another: "No wonder they rule over us!" Verily, they were of the stuff of which bankers and prime ministers are made. The students came from various walks of life, ranging from the economically secure to those who had been seeking employment in vain for many months. There was something very inspiring in the active participation of a great many priests, who showed by their presence at the summer school a social vision transcending parish bounds.

The lectures dealt with questions of actuality. The longest series, on "The Future of Capitalism," was given by the Reverend Lewis Watt, S.J. After calling attention to the modifications which capitalism has undergone since its inception, he examined at length the criticisms directed against it at the present time from widely different angles. In discussing one of the more radical schemes for change, he pointed out that though Catholics could agree to limit the right of inheritance they could not consistently approve of its abolition. Father Watt claimed that all working people, irrespective of their state of life, should receive a family living wage. He opposed the prevailing tendency to reduce wages, for the return to capital had not sufficiently decreased to justify such a course. The Macmillan Report, moreover, had revealed an increase in the output of the working class.

Dr. Fenelon, of the economics department of the University of Edinburgh, in discussing "Some Trends of Modern Industry" expressed the opinion that British industrialists should modernize their plants and consider to a greater degree than heretofore the possibilities of the home market. In manufacturing for export they should recognize the fact that bulky products were steadily losing ground in the stress of competition and they should be willing to concentrate on those small articles of high quality which were managing to mount protective tariff walls.

More than one speaker called attention to the evils resulting from the overindustrialization of Great Britain. A retired civil service employee, Miss M. M. A. Ward, said that England might profitably use many of her idle acres to produce at least some of the vast quantity of food-stuffs which she imported every year. The most extensive treatment of this topic was that of Captain F. N. Blundell, a gentleman farmer who is also a close student of agricultural problems. He gave instances of successful land settlement and held that every County Council should do its best to settle suitable people on the land. Captain Blundell claimed that the current depression among British farmers was largely their own fault. They were too individualistic. The fact that anybody could make money out of farm produce after it left the farm showed the need for the establishment of coöperative societies in England similar to those existing among farmers on the Continent.

The recent encyclical, "Quadragesimo Anno," was carefully analyzed by the Reverend Leo O'Hea, S.J., the principal of the Catholic Workers' College. He explained its relation to "Rerum Novarum" and other pronouncements on social questions which had emanated from the Holy See. Father O'Hea likewise called attention to the widespread influence of the Catholic school of social thought, especially in Germany. It was saving that country and, in consequence, possibly Europe as well. In referring to the Holy Father's advocacy of a reconstruction of the social order, Father O'Hea explained that the Catholic ideal was some kind of reorganization of society on a corporate basis. In answer to a question which I asked the speaker a few days later, after vainly trying to figure out just what this neo-corporatism really was, he said that its most striking difference from Guild Socialism (to which I thought it bore a strong resemblance) lay in the fact that, whereas in Guild Socialism the state owned the industry, in the corporate reorganization of society each industry would own itself, possessing, as it were, statutory powers within the state. The mediaeval analogy of guilds suggested itself as did also certain modern professional groups, like the British Medical Association.

There were lectures on subjects connected with social service. Two prison chaplains and a lay visitor talked on "Work for Prisoners," and another speaker explained the Christ-like work of the Society of Our Lady of Compassion. One of the most absorbing lectures was that of Mr. John Scurr, M.P., who gave us "The Inner History of the Education Bill of 1931." The Archbishop of Birmingham honored the Catholic Social Guild on two occasions: he greeted the members in a sermon and appeared later at the annual business meeting, lauding each time the activities of the Guild, which is doing the kind of work laid down for Catholics by the Holy Father.

Nearly all the meetings took place at Lady Margaret Hall, which is one of the charming undergraduate colleges for women at Oxford University, occupied by many conventions in the summer.

Incidentally, one of the most delightful impressions which I took away with me was that of the cordiality existing between the university and the guild. This is especially apparent in the case of the Catholic Workers' College. Students from that school are welcomed at many courses in secular branches at Oxford. This type of coöperation will mean a great deal to English spiritual and intellectual life and to British Catholicism, explaining in part perhaps the great amount of public spirit and mental vigor which characterizes our co-religionists in Scotland and England.

Nightfall

Sharp cedars print their patterned lace
Upon the flaming red of western sky;
Wild-driven clouds with drifting films efface
The pale effulgent moon whose argent face
Shines newly-coined on high.

Sad is the rustling of the fallen leaves
Scattered in tufted grass—faint sobbing breath
Of summer's wakemen when the autumn weaves
Her fatal fiery shroud and drying sheaves
Whisper of death.

Linger awhile until this clear thin light,
Significant and final, fades and frosty air
Sparkles with distant stars meshed in samite
Of black enrobing space flung on the bare
Cold breast of night.

AMY BROOKS MAGINNIS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Wonder Boy

IN THE mind of its authors, Edward Chodorov and Arthur Barton, and of its producer, Jed Harris, "Wonder Boy" is probably a terrific farcical indictment of the motion-picture industry, after the general pattern of "Once in a Lifetime," but with more zest and colorful exaggeration. As a matter of fact, it is little more than a vast confusion of scenes and sounds and explosive tempers in which the satirical points are almost lost. It does maintain a kind of nervous beat and rhythm, and the very sense of disorder is undoubtedly part of what the authors wish to convey. But even disorder means more when contrasted with order, and nervous excitement has more dramatic meaning when it is set against an interlude of repose. In short, "Wonder Boy" lacks dramatic contrast. It is too much in one key.

It tries to tell the story of one Peter Hinkle, who has ambitions to become a dentist, but finds himself instead in the coils of the publicity machine of a large motion-picture concern. It seems that before coming East to pursue his dental studies he was assigned a part in a picture, and that someone has the hunch that he will make a sensational new screen juvenile. The rest of the play concerns the hue and cry raised by the management to promote the new star, the first showing of the picture, and the boy's failure to make a public hit. It might have been made a human story. Jed Harris has turned it into a maelstrom of profanity, intrigue and broad farce. Perhaps this is a true picture of the inside workings of the motion-picture family. That is not the point. It may be a true picture, but it is not a good play. (At the Alvin Theatre.)

Counsellor-at-Law

ELMER RICE is more adept than the authors of "Wonder Boy" at setting a human story against a swirling realistic background. In "Street Scene" he did even more. He managed to make a theme of real importance emerge from the turmoil of a tenement, the theme that individuals need not be the victims of environment and that strength must come from within. But there are few signs of the Elmer Rice of "Street Scene" in the muddy stretches of "Counsellor-at-Law," in which Paul Muni is the featured player.

In this play, Mr. Rice has taken for his central figure a prominent criminal and divorce lawyer who has risen from New York's East Side gutters, and who combines a large degree of charlatanism with many profoundly human impulses. This man, George Simon, has, in the process of raising himself by his own boot straps, married a divorcée of some social position. Simon was, in fact, the cause of her divorce. Nevertheless, he seems to have a childlike faith that she is some sort of an angel, incapable of leaving him as she left her first husband. It then happens that just as Simon is about to take a long-postponed vacation with his wife abroad, some enemies in the Bar Association rake up as a charge against him an old case in his almost forgotten past when he conspired with an unfortunate client to rig up a false alibi. He is threatened with disbarment proceedings. His wife leaves him to sail to Europe with another man, and although Simon succeeds in fending off the charges through some counter-blackmail, he is left quite alone at the end of the play, except for his work and his faithful secretary.

After all, a story of this sort carries no particular theme of importance. It is merely a fragment of the life of a not very important type of man. What Mr. Rice does do with the story is to make it the medium for drawing a number of city characters very much after the formula of "Street Scene"—the sophisticated telephone operator, the mother of a confirmed Communist, a publicity-seeking murderess, a blackmailing actress, and a dozen or so other characters from among Simon's clients, law partners and office force. But the formula fails to work as it did in "Street Scene" for at least two good reasons. In the first place, the story is not set against any background comparable to that brownstone tenement which dominated every moment of "Street Scene" and literally became a character in the play. In the second place, the characters do not converge on any one aspect of the story. Most of them simply serve to make up a certain atmosphere of sordidness and general futility. They do not have the organic mass effect of the characters in "Street Scene." Nothing binds them together. And so it happens that when the telephone operator calmly arranges for an abortion, the episode is dragged in without rhyme or reason. It has no relation to anything Simon says or does. It is simply a gratuituous bit of filth. "Street Scene" had real artistry. "Counsellor-at-Law" has nothing more than clever portraiture. (At the Plymouth Theatre.)

If Love Were All

THE ACTOR-MANAGERS (an off-shoot of the old Neighborhood Playhouse) have come to life once more as active play producers by bringing to the Booth Theatre as strange a concoction of dramatic mistakes as we have seen for a long time. "If Love Were All," by Cutler Hatch, is styled on the program "a gentle comedy." It is certainly gentle enough—in the wrong way. But whatever else it may be, it is certainly not comedy. Sometimes it is farce. Sometimes it is sentimentally tragic. Sometimes it is a sermon on how to eat your cake and have it too in married life. But true comedy—never.

If you believe that the way to be "a good sport" in marriage is to tell your meek and understanding husband or wife that you are planning to be unfaithful, and then to carry out your plans with a happy conscience, why then, of course, you may find this play thoroughly sympathetic. That is just what the father of a very nice boy and the mother of a very nice girl do in "If Love Were All"—illustrating, I suppose, the gentle side of life in the acquiescence of the boy's invalid mother and the girl's father. The comic side of it all, I presume, is illustrated by the Tarkingtonian attempts of the boy and girl to set their elders straight by throwing the lovers together deliberately in the false hope that they will grow tired of each other. The play culminates in the surprise of the boy and girl at learning that their wandering parents have really been "good sports" all along through the convenient method which I have described above, i.e., by giving advance warning of their impending infidelity!

The only ounce of integrity to be found in the entire play is in the characters of the boy and girl and in a second young man who is dragged in to furnish sub-plot. The latter determines to see through to a finish a none-too-happy marriage, and the children of the adulterous parents at least squirm a bit under the injustice done the unoffending parents. Through the youngsters in the play, one can at least, until the idiotic last act, catch the idea that some obligations rise superior to impassioned love. Due honor is paid to respect and devotion and quiet companionship. But in the "good sportsmanship" formula of the last act, when it is apparent that everyone becomes a consenting party to continued adultery, the whole original theme of the play goes into reverse gear. It is then obvious that what the author really

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wants to say is this: love is not all, and so, if you must have love, then by all means have it outside of marriage but still keep all that is not love by continuing on in your marriage and by telling your husband or wife just what you are doing.

It is rather sad that such capable actors as Walter Kingsford, Aline MacMahon and Hugh Buckler, not to mention that delightful young person, Margaret Sullavan, should have to sustain the burden of so much concentrated rubbish. Through sheer personal excellence, they almost make you believe for brief moments in the author's absurd creations. They strive to battle through this "gentle comedy" of condoned adultery almost as if its empty phrases about "good sportsmanship" had some intelligible meaning. (At the Booth Theatre.)

Schwanda

IN THESE days of operatic decline there is at least refreshment in the production of such a novelty as "Schwanda," even though it is bare of any suggestion of renewed vitality in the lyric drama. This opera in two acts and five tableaux, music by Jaromir Weinberger, text by Milos Kares, has already proved widely popular both in its native Czechoslovakia and in Germany and Austria, and it was evident from its hearty reception by the audience at the Metropolitan Opera House that it will prove one of the most popular operatic novelties of a decade on this side of the Atlantic.

"Schwanda" is a folk opera, and what is really best in it is music based on folk melodies, though the score throughout is exceedingly skilful and ingenious, and both evokes and emphasizes the fun of the story. It is about a peasant whose bagpipe has magic power, and in his pursuit of adventure Schwanda descends to hell and returns from it to live happily ever after with his wife in his cottage. If one likes, one may read into the story symbolism and moral content, but probably it is really meant as a fairy-tale and little more. The score is of course the creation of a sound musician, a musician who knows his Wagner and Puccini and above all his Smetana, and who frankly uses them for his own ends quite as he uses the folk-tunes. It is evident that Weinberger is an eclectic, and that he possesses no idiom that is his alone, but this does not prevent his music from having gaiety, dash and melodic grace. And despite some scenes which call for cutting, notably the one in hell, the opera is on the whole good theatre. In short, if "Schwanda" presents nothing new and opens no vistas into the opera of the future, it is filled with charm and humor. Apparently this is all that can be demanded from opera at the present moment, and it will take another generation at least before we can know if opera is definitely on its road to the museum.

The Metropolitan's production on the whole was excellent, though there were certain moments when its Germanic artists seemed a little heavy-footed. Mr. Schorr sang the title part gloriously and for a Wagnerian Wotan was surprisingly volatile. Miss Mueller as Dorota was equally good, and Mr. Laubenthal, though his manner of singing left, as it almost always does, much to be desired, was dramatically admirable. Well sung too were the parts of the queen and the sorcerer in the hands of Mme. Branzell and Mr. Andresen. The small parts were as a rule well taken. Mr. Urban's scenery was massive but not always imaginative. For Mr. Bodansky's direction of the orchestra, there can be nothing but praise. So all opera lovers who demand little beyond charming melodies, skilful orchestration and an amusing story well served by the music will find a diverting evening at "Schwanda."

GRENVILLE VERNON.

COMMUNICATIONS

TROTZKY

London, England.

TO the Editor: Not a little surprise must have been produced in many of your readers at Mr. Sand's effusions of August 19 about that blood-soaked cut-throat, Trotzky. Take his last remark: "It is truly something in one's life to have known such a person at close range." I'll say it was something; just about the *last* thing: the veriest black death of the dog to millions of slaughtered Russians. . . .

Mr. Sands says Trotzky is "fair." Trotzky is not fair, never was fair, nor ever will be fair, for the very obvious reason that with such sadistic victims of *idées fixes* it is psychologically impossible to be fair. Proof? The first Socialist-Communist assassin *in potentia* you come across. America has thousands of these self-same brazen opportunists itching for the first chance to climb to power over the bodies of their fellow men, trampling on every human right, ethic, morality and common decency, just as that Moscow murder gang did following up their stab in the back of Russian Liberalism in November, 1917. The blood is still on their hands. It will never come off.

Mr. Sands thinks it's "genius," does he, that turns to their own purposes a war-weary, half-civilized, starving people saturated with propaganda and alcohol? *Success* spells "genius," does it? Then Nero was a genius, and Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Marat and Robespierre, and all the other murdering cut-throats of history.

No, Trotzky is not fair; nor was the Russian (Bolshevist) Revolution anything other than a sheer historical accident, the result of a temporary breach in the walls, something which the united efforts of a comparatively few clear-headed and fearless men could have strangled in its ugly borning. There was nothing, there is still nothing, in the whole Russian Revolution "historically inevitable" except the Russian peasants' movement toward ownership of the land. Marxism, far from applying there, precisely didn't apply; and now Communism, to save itself, proposes to instal, to impose, to thrust down a whole peoples' throat, an artificially conceived, clumsily constructed, mercilessly executed "factory system," and thus go through the whole gamut of those fearful machine tyrannies from which we of the West are just beginning to think of emerging!

If Mr. Sands wants really to understand how the Russian (Bolshevist) Revolution came to pass, he'd better spend a little time around some active military command, and learn something of the magnification of military power possible these days to a fanatical minority, like the Communist party, when possessed of modern military equipment: the tank, armored cars, machine-guns, airplanes, rapid-fire small artillery, monopoly of gasoline and the seizure of wireless stations. For therein lies the secret of Bolshevism's Red triumph. That is how they stole, held and prolonged the power. And, what's worse, they've kept hold of the machine-guns, etc.; have manufactured vastly more of them; are going to keep on holding them; and some day will use them, if the "indoor mind," as typified in Mr. Sands, keeps in control of the world's thought and action.

The "Trotzky ideology" contemplates universal civil discord of no slight power in the program of capitalistic downfall to synchronize exactly with the outer drive of Red army troops upon beleaguered nations. For once the ground is Communistically prepared, which is to say, when Communist agitations and revolts have brought about hard times, national cessation of industry, mass manias, crowd contagions and deep class bitterness, so that hordes of men are hungry enough and desperate

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enough to become mercenaries in any cause where they are not already Communist military fanatics, then, once the liaison with Moscow's Third International is established, the shuffle of troops across the chess-board of Communist militarism will show plainly enough Moscow's designs upon the world. That international Red murder cult will utilize an international soldiery for its holocaust of the nations. The whole globe will yet tremble under the drums and tramplings, under the marauding tread of those tattered and contemptible regiments compelled to die at the command of a Tartar. From the camp-fires of Genghis smoke will yet rise in every capital, and their machine-guns will snarl at all the crossroads of the world. Terror will bestride the earth.

Trotzky's doped history is propagandistic from beginning to end. But it is indicative, however, of what is going to take place in America one of these days when the Trotzkys can have carte blanche to say their say in the public print.

MAJOR FRANK PEASE.

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: In reply to Major Pease will you give me a little space? His indignation with Trotzky and Bolshevism seems to have led him to wrong conclusions as to what I said.

It *is* something to have known men like Lenin and Trotzky at close range! Thirty years ago it was thought necessary by the Jesuits to whom I went to school that their graduating class become thoroughly acquainted with the rising Socialist movement at first hand. I did so, in Germany. I studied Karl Marx and I lived for a while in Socialist centers in German mill towns, to learn methods.

I was familiar with the 1905 Moscow revolution, on both sides. I was in St. Petersburg when Lenin and Trotzky arrived, went every night to hear Lenin speak, and I remember writing to the State Department at that time that these men were loosing upon the world something that would presently make the war look pale. I still think so. I watched their rise to power and the events that accompanied it. I realized that nobody among the foreign diplomats or the Russian leaders knew what was happening, and even doubted that the Bolshevist leaders knew.

Now comes Trotzky, after all the things that he and Lenin did or tolerated in order to get power and control, and writes his account of the beginning of those things, in a civilized journal, exactly as if he were not and never had been at war with civilization. Yes, I *do* think that is remarkable.

He is fair in his statement of the beginning of the revolution of which he and Lenin took advantage. (I don't think I suggested that he murdered and tortured "fairly"!) He admits what I suspected then: that the Bolshevist leaders did not know what was happening then but only took advantage of it for their ends. His history in those magazine articles to which I referred is true history. He describes the things we saw and in which we all moved without knowing what they meant. There is surely a difference between saying such an exact description is "fair" and saying that the Bolshevist régime is "fair."

It may surprise Major Pease to have me acknowledge that it would have interested me also to know Genghis Khan or Tamerlane at close range—or even Lucifer! When I have an enemy I like to know all about him, which is as much a part of the "active military command" Major Pease suggests, as cursing the enemy's methods. I can admit genius in a man whom I may feel called on to exterminate. Maybe, however, I was thinking in terms of G. H. Q. rather than of the trenches.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

THE NEW IRISH REVOLUTIONARIES

Latrobe, Pa.

TO the Editor: The summer issues of THE COMMONWEAL are notably inferior to your usual high standard—for your writers on Irish topics, it seems to be summer all year. An occasional reader of THE COMMONWEAL for a good while, I have been a cover-to-cover reader for well over a year. In that time I have scanned your columns for an impartial, well-written and informative article on Ireland and have been scanning in vain. I am referring only to articles on economic and political questions, let me add.

Every article I came across was partial (to the Free State); most of the articles were poor pieces of work from every standpoint. They rambled, talked incoherently, made obscure allusions, changed ground, left issues hanging in the air, and gave evidence of bias, clumsiness and heaven knows what else. They seemed more like brain children of the contributors to the Sunday supplements of the daily press than articles worthy of THE COMMONWEAL.

Surely you can find, some place, a writer capable of handling Irish topics as they should be handled. Can you not get contributions from writers of the type of David Hogan, Hugh de Balcam, Peadar O'Donnell, etc.? Even if you despair of getting an impartial treatment, you can at least, in decency, give a hearing to both sides of the question. There is a question, you know, and there are two sides to it.

You may doubt my statement that all your writers have been partial. However, you cannot deny that every one of them has put down, as true, statements which, to say the least, are controverted. A case in point is Sean O'Faolain's "The New Irish Revolutionaries."

In this article there is any number of offending statements, that is, statements which are false or, at least, the subject of controversy, but which your correspondent baldly asserts. The article is hard to handle, because much of its bias is contained in single words which the author applies to parties and to individuals.

In the opening paragraphs the word gunman is applied to those Irishmen who, with the highest motives—whatever you may think of their practicality, you cannot deny them their idealism—fought for the freedom of their country. This appellation clearly shows bias on the part of the author.

In the second paragraph he says, ". . . Irish brains, except for the cunning or ingenuity of the gunmen, not being in demand until Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins met Mr. Lloyd George at Downing Street." An Irishman is fallen pretty low when he speaks of the strategems and brilliant coups of a small and poorly armed band of fighters, whose courage thrilled the world and won its admiring respect, as "the cunning or ingenuity of gunmen."

Mr. O'Faolain seems to me to be indicating that the Irish brains of Collins and Griffith did well at Downing Street. Many intelligent and impartial men declare that it was at the meeting in Downing Street that Irish brains showed up very badly. It is held that Collins and Griffith were duped from the start. Here is a case of your writer holding as a truth something that is controverted.

He classes the indignation of about half the fighters and nearly all the leaders of Sinn Fein as "the unthinking dissatisfaction" of "Republican extremists." Is this not bias? He says the "extremists" turned their guns on their compatriots. There is a big argument over who began the fighting. The way Mr. O'Faolain expresses himself, it would appear as if the justification were on the side of the Free Staters. To me the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

facts seem to point to the opposite conclusion. At any rate, your correspondent again shows bias.

The next sentence is the most objectionable of all: ". . . émigré gunmen . . . washing cars in Cleveland or running speakeasies in New York." This is a reference to two specific Sinn Feinners who, through press of economic and other conditions, had to leave the country they fought and *bled* for, and take whatever job offered itself in America. When a man who willingly sacrificed himself for an ideal, who pitted his meager strength against the power of the British Empire, who dared the world and its opinions and ignorances and defied it for his country's sake, is exiled from that country, and forced to take up a lowly or illegal occupation in a stranger's land, let us not sneer at his fall and the inglorious end to his dreamings and fighting but let us rather say, "O, the pity of it!"

This paragraph reeks of partiality and bad taste; in fact, the entire article does. There is no paragraph and there is hardly a sentence that is not objectionable. To go through them all, to pounce on and expose each error, would require far more space than I have any chance of getting in your, or anyone else's, columns.

In regard to what seems to be the main thesis of Mr. O'Faolain's contribution, i.e., the new movement in Ireland is Communistic in trend, I must say that here again there is a controversy. Recent reports from Ireland indicate that the charge of Communism is being hurled at the members in the recent rising; but certain Communistic doctrines, like certain Socialistic doctrines, can be held by Catholics. There is no indication that the Irish "Communists" wish to deny or impede the rights of private ownership. They simply want government by the workers and working farmers, and, since these classes compose nearly all the population of Ireland, I, for one, find it hard to gainsay them. We have here another biased opinion from our correspondent.

His picture of the condition is, moreover, sketchy and inadequate. His object appears to be the obscuring rather than the clearing of the issues.

The time is ripe for a series of decent articles on Ireland, and I look to THE COMMONWEAL to give us such a series. I say, in all earnestness and honesty, that to date your treatment of Irish affairs has been wofully poor, and I appeal to you to rectify your errors and champion the truth.

CHARLES O. RICE.

MR. EDISON AND SCIENCE

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: In your enthusiastic editorial eulogy on the late Mr. Edison, you make a very provoking statement, which reads: "There were no electric lights before he invented them as a mature man." Nothing could be further from the truth; and, indeed, there were electric lights in constant use long before Mr. Edison was born. As early as the year 1810, there was Sir Humphrey Davy's electric arc, and there was also the achievement of that worthy man, W. E. Staite, whose electric light was commissioned at Sunderland, England, when Mr. Edison was a toddling youngster of three.

Moreover, as the newspaper reader has for years been asked to believe that Mr. Edison was the inventor of the incandescent electric lamp, it might interest such a one to read what other people have had to say upon that subject.

Some weeks ago, the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Electric Supply Company, which is the largest corporation of its kind in England, caused to be erected on the outer wall of its premises at Carliol House, Newcastle, a tablet cast in bronze, depicting a likeness of Sir Joseph Swan, late of the city, and paying honor to the same gentleman in a legend which begins: "Sir Joseph Swan, D.Sc., F.R.S., inventor of the electric incandescent lamp. . . ."

If this sounds somewhat arrogant to the ears of the "Edison" public, it is but the statement of a fact which those acquainted with the historical development of the subdivision of electric light, have never had occasion to doubt. It is true that the more popular encyclopedias (the Lincoln Series is an exception) give equal credit to Mr. Edison and to Sir Joseph as the co-inventors in 1879 of the incandescent electric lamp as we now know it; but the "Britannica" in its biographical sketch of the great chemist-electrician, after describing the principle which he utilized in his carbon filament lamp, which as early as 1860 under a Grove's battery became almost entirely incandescent, adds significantly: "This was substantially the method adopted by Edison nearly twenty years later."

Of further interest is a decision come to, a year or so ago, by one of the British learned societies which, after considering the claims put forward on behalf of Mr. Edison, decided that 1929 was not the jubilee year of the incandescent electric lamp, but of Mr. Edison's "improvement," and that Sir Joseph Swan was the real inventor.

On this side of the Atlantic, the "Americana" raises its voice in testimony to Sir Joseph: "His name is, however, best known in connection with a form of incandescent electric lamp, devised by him, which was the earliest in date of the many now in use."

Nobody would dare deny that Mr. Edison's, as indeed Sir Joseph's own improvements, were commercially desirable. But then, improved grapefruit has come from the Californian orchard since Luther Burbank displayed the first successful product of his untiring experiments; and no one would, on the strength of this, challenge the right of Mr. Burbank to be styled the first farmer of that excellent commodity.

REV. THOMAS J. CAROLL. O.M.C.

THE DREYFUS CASE

Shipley, England.

TO the Editor: I read in your issue of October 7 on page 556, in connection with the Dreyfus case, the following sentence: "It will be recalled that Dreyfus was an artillery officer attached to the General Staff, and that he was falsely accused of having betrayed military secrets to Germany."

The word "falsely" sounds inaccurate on this side of the Atlantic. Those who were on the spot at the time and who followed the intricacies of the trial fell into two main groups—as men always do in a disputed case, especially where violent religious passions are aroused. One group was for the innocence of Dreyfus and the other for his guilt. These groups still remain. Those who concluded from the evidence that Dreyfus was guilty are still of the same opinion, and those who thought him innocent are still in the same position. The case was highly technical and only a comparatively small number of men, say a few thousands, could claim to weigh the evidence properly, even by hearsay. And the best opinion still remains, as in the case of so many a historical problem, that of the middle group who regard it as unsolved. It stands, with the Casket Letters still ascribed to Mary Queen of Scots, and other similar problems. The case was retried in full before the only competent tribunal, which by a majority decided for the guilt of Dreyfus. It was never tried again in open court, with the summoning of witnesses and a full examination of evidence. In order to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prevent the danger of civil war the Court of Appeal presumed the guilt of Esterhazy, but it only did so by breaking the law. Unavoidably perhaps, and with the patriotic intention of keeping the peace, none the less illegally. Further, in this appeal there was no trial properly speaking, but only a decision made on documents.

Whether a final historical decision in the matter will ever be come to is doubtful, because the passions aroused at the time and still aroused by the case are mainly concerned with love or hatred of the Catholic Church. For those who thought Dreyfus innocent regarded him as the victim of a Catholic conspiracy; those who thought him guilty believed him to be saved from the consequences of his guilt by the Masonic and anti-Catholic organization which controls French public affairs.

So true is this that the two chief direct consequences of the great struggle were the forbidding of religious education in France by monks and nuns and the wholesale expulsion of the religious orders. But there also followed the destruction of the intelligence department of the French army on the plea that it was in the hands of officers mainly of Catholic training and therefore not to be trusted. To this latter effect we owe the Great War; not only the outbreak of the Great War but also its undue prolongation.

I have always desired to see translated into English that excellent little book, the précis of the Dreyfus case, the only one which puts the whole story objectively before the reader. Perhaps I shall have the leisure to make that translation myself, but in any case no one unacquainted with the work should regard one of the chief unsolved problems of modern history as a settled affair.

I may add that those who do regard the thing as unsolved would naturally add that, as there is a doubt on Dreyfus's guilt, he should have the benefit of that doubt.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

MANY RIVERS

Notre Dame, Ind.

TO the Editor: It is almost worth while to make a mistake now and then for the pleasure of being corrected in so friendly a manner as I have been by two letters in THE COMMONWEAL of November 4, commenting on my little essay, "Many Rivers."

Of course Caesar swam the Tiber, as Mr. Williams reminds me, "like Cassius, 'accoutered as [he] was.'" And yet, somewhere—is it in Suetonius or in Plutarch, or where is it?—there is a reference to Caesar thrice swimming the Tiber—or was it the Rhone or what river was it? Horrible thought—maybe it wasn't Caesar at all! But some distinguished gentleman of history did it and boasted of it; and the question still remains, how did he get his toga (or his pants) on again?

Father Culemans likewise is right: "Mozansa" was a misprint; Stanley explored the Congo and Livingstone the Zambesi. But Stanley also went on his famous search for Livingstone, and found him; and the boyhood book to which I referred, "Stanley in Africa," recounted the stories of both adventurers, told much of the Zambesi, and had among its illustrations a picture of the Great Falls of the Zambesi. I suppose that if either Stanley or Livingstone had boasted of their exploits on the African rivers my perverse mind would have checked their B.V.D.'s on the Congo or the Zambesi—as it did Caesar's on the Tiber. Or was it Caesar? And was it the Tiber? Perhaps it was the Styx.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

BOOKS

Side by Side

Science and Religion, A Symposium, with a Foreword by Michael Pupin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

THE SERIES of addresses on science and religion which were broadcast in Great Britain between September and December, 1930, are reduced to permanent form in this interesting and significant little book of 175 pages. The purpose of the series, according to its sponsors, was to present a "personal interpretation of the relation of science to religion by speakers eminent as churchmen, as scientists and as philosophers; and to determine, in the light of their varied and extensive knowledge, to what degree the conclusions of modern science affect religious dogma and the fundamental tenets of Christian belief."

Before it was printed each speaker was free to revise his text with a view to bringing out more clearly certain points of difference and of agreement with later speakers in the series. The work thus possesses a greater degree of cohesion than the circumstances of delivery might suggest.

The first contributor, Julian Huxley, a grandson of Thomas Huxley, stresses the profound influence exerted upon the religious outlook by the application to religion of the scientific method. This has given birth to the new science of comparative religion. As a result of the findings of this new science, Professor Huxley maintains that religions can no longer be regarded as fixed. They are subject to development just the same as law, science or political institutions. No longer do they fall into the two simple categories, true or false; but are to be regarded as but different manifestations of a common religious spirit, reflecting the different levels of culture, primitive or advanced, of the society in which they were born. "What science can and should do," says Professor Huxley, "is to modify the form of religion." When religion recognizes this fact, then and only then will conflict between science and religion be eliminated.

Professor Huxley fails to perceive that for religion to surrender in such an unconditional manner would mean not only the ending of conflicts between the two, but the ending of religion altogether. For what would result from the dictation of the scientists would be not religion, but the projection of the imagination and the naive metaphysical concepts of the scientists into the field of ultimate causes in which they are undisciplined strangers. The result would be a hodgepodge of crude metaphysics and vague emotional moralizations. Stop for a moment to consider the result of the surrender of religion to the materialistic and mechanistic science of the eighteenth century. The temper of science at that time was reflected in the answer of La Place to Napoleon I, to whom he was explaining his system of celestial mechanics. "What place," inquired Napoleon, "have you given to God in your system?" "Sire," replied La Place, "this is a hypothesis of which I have never felt the need." The form such science would have given religion would have been simply to have cut her head off. Her form would have resembled that of Anne Boleyn after Henry VIII had finished his dictation with a decapitation.

The simple fact is that religion deals with ultimate causes, with values. Science deals with a tangible subject-matter which can be weighed and measured. When it leaves its own domain to dictate to religion concerning values and ultimate causes, it rarely fails to display its ineptitude in speaking an alien tongue.

In the chapters of several of the other contributors one en-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

counters occasional passages where the fog is impenetrable. Thus J. S. Haldane finds the explanation offered by Professor Alexander of the emergence of life, personality and God from a physically interpreted universe shrouded in "complete obscurity." He is right. It is obscured in a fog. But does Mr. Haldane lift any of the fog in the explanation which he then sets forth? Let the reader judge. "It may be pointed out," he writes, "that this picture [his own explanation] is pantheistic, leaving no place for individual freedom or individual immortality. In one sense this is true. But since the picture identified man's reality with God, the supreme person, both freedom and immortality remain; it is only individual freedom and immortality that have disappeared, since, like the pictured physical world, they imply what is unreal. This is the solution of the old theological puzzle over free will and the supremacy of God."

I challenge anybody in the world to draw either coherence or sense out of that passage. In the first place, what does the identification of "man's reality with God" mean? Secondly, how can man, who, according to Haldane, is neither free nor immortal, be *identified* in his *reality* with a God who is both free and immortal? Thirdly, how can freedom or immortality remain in any real sense for the race, when no individual member of the race is either free or immortal? How can an army of a million soldiers be said to have guns when no single soldier in the outfit has so much as a toy pistol? No amount of metaphysical fogging can blur the clear conviction of readers that in this passage Haldane has achieved a degree of sheer incoherence that rivals much of the obfuscation running through Professor Alexander's chapter. Finally, be it noted that the old theological puzzle is not over free will and the supremacy of God, but over man's free will and God's foreknowledge. But nothing that Haldane says comes within even speaking distance of the solution of this problem.

I wonder if even an Einsteinian relativitist could make head or tail out of the bizarre definition Professor Alexander gives of God? "If you ask me," he says, "what God is, I can only answer he is a being whose body is the whole world of nature, but that world conceived as actually possessing deity, and therefore he is not actually as an existent but as an ideal, and only existent in so far as the tendency toward his distinctive character is existent in the actual world." Later on, he assures us that God is an ideal being whose deity has not yet come into existence, but is the next quality due to emerge, and consequently cannot be known by us. "He exists only in the striving of the world to realize his deity, to help it as it were to the birth." Furthermore, God is not a creator as the historical religions have conceived Him, but a mere creature. This will give some indication of the mental lucubrations of Professor Alexander in regard to God and religion—lucubrations which when not actually incoherent are always bizarre and weird.

There are other contributions from Bishop Barnes, Professor Malinowski, Dr. J. Arthur Thompson, Dean Sheppard, Canon Streeter, Father C. W. O'Hara, S.J., Professor Eddington, Dean Inge, and Dr. L. P. Jacks. The discussion is pitched on a high level, and all display a friendly spirit toward one another even in their disagreements. Among all the contributors, Father O'Hara stands out most conspicuously against the unconditional surrender of religion to science. While I disagreed occasionally with the viewpoints of Dean Inge, yet for beauty of diction, lucidity of expression—there is not a paragraph where his meaning is not crystal clear—for pregnancy of thought, and a familiarity with his theme his chapter seemed to me to be outstanding in a volume written by the finest minds of England.

ALTMAN
Young Men's
Clothing

If you wear sizes 35 to 40 —you will find here values that cannot be denied!

Overcoats

Fine, all-wool fleeces that insure long satisfactory wear—styled in the popular double-breasted, half-belted model with deep satin lining. Oxford or brown. $29

MEN'S OXFORDS

Tan or Black—Several Models
Very Unusual at $7.75

YOUNG MEN'S CLOTHING — SIXTH FLOOR

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE at 34th STREET

"Choose Altman Clothing with Confidence"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEXT WEEK

PUTTING THINGS IN ORDER, by Michael Williams, is in particular a tribute to the book "Essays in Order," and in general a review of a Catholic intellectual awakening throughout the world which is more general, concerted and coöperative than any movement in Catholic literature, since the breaking of Catholic unity in the sixteenth century. . . . AMERICA WET, by Frederic Damrau, M.D., is an unbiased comparison of the extent of alcoholic diseases under United States prohibition and Canadian liquor control. Among the startling facts he reveals are that statistics furnished by the U. S. Bureau of the Census prove that over six times as many people died from alcoholism in 1928 as in 1920, and that admissions to state hospitals as a result of abuse of alcohol increased 60 percent from 1922 to 1927; whereas in Canada, the per capita consumption of spirituous liquors like whisky and gin is only a little over one-third of what it was fifteen years ago, the people drinking more beer and wine, which, with their lower percentage of alcohol, are harmless if taken in moderation, and as a result there is markedly less sickness attributable to alcohol. . . . AMONG THE PIGMIES, by Paul Schebasta, is a rarely fascinating story of travel among the pigmies of the Congo and of the customs of these strange primitive dwarfs. . . . CATHOLICS AND THE CONSTITUTION, by J. E. Ross, is a vigorous, and possibly controversial, inquiry into the position of Catholics in the light of the decision of the Supreme Court in the famous case of Dr. Macintosh. It will be remembered that Dr. Macintosh was refused citizenship because he was unwilling to pledge himself in advance to support the United States in every war that Congress might declare. Father Ross points out the possible conflict of this decision with the duty of a Catholic to his conscience if he believed his country to be waging an unjust war.

I know of no single volume where one can find so authentic a reflection of the currents of contemporary thought on the bearing of scientific findings on religious speculation as in this small book. It will be especially useful for students in all our theological seminaries, in supplementing their knowledge of the great Schoolmen of the middle ages with that of the most brilliant thinkers in the world in which we now live.

JOHN A. O'BRIEN.

The Last Emperor

Charles of Europe, by D. B. Wyndham Lewis. New York: Coward McCann, Incorporated. $5.00.

THE LAST of the Holy Roman Emperors, Charles V's importance in history lay primarily in the fact that on the success of his cause depended the unity of Christendom. This thesis, stemming from that historical position which holds the Reformation directly responsible for the dismemberment of Europe, is almost immediately advanced in Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis's biography. And he is vastly more interested in supporting his contention than he is in creating a fully rounded and living character. This is apparent from the book's development which discards the chronological development of Charles's life in order to paint in broad yet detailed strokes the rapidly changing European mise en scène. It is true that the reader comes to understand Charles's actions and many of the motives which impelled him, to estimate the strength and the courage of the man, but too often the insight into his character gives a view excluding all but that one aspect which is immediately being described. The author provides the analysis or at least the elements for analysis; the reader must essay the synthesis.

This possibly intended neglect of the emperor as an individual need not disappoint, for Mr. Lewis amply repays by his brilliant exposition of those crises percipitated by the incipient Reformation and the foredoomed political compromise into which Charles was frequently compelled by the vicissitudes of circumstance. Setting historical truth above that zeal which defends the indefensible, the author frankly admits the culpability of the Church where it existed, inferentially scores the Pope for his long delay in convoking the Council of Trent, reveals Francis I of France as a greater enemy of Catholicism than the German nobles who advanced the cause of Luther to further their end of embarrassing Austria, and presents a subsidiary portrait of Luther which, though rapidly penned, is masterly in its vividness and fairness. It is this obvious impartiality which contributes to the biography's fine tone of authoritativeness. And so treated, the book takes an important place in that movement, inaugurated by English Catholic writers of today, to present factually history which has been deliberately perverted by Protestants who have blindly followed Froude, Gibbons and Macauley. Nor is it overenthusiastic praise to add that Mr. Lewis's style, which is always colorful, robust and animated, justifies the use of many passages of his book as models for the student of English.

Naturally the period was rich in the drama of events and individuals. The two monarchs, Henry VIII of England and Francis, disappointed in their candidatures for the imperial crown, Luther, the corsair Barbarossa, even the Pope on occasion, were aligned against the emperor. His task was Herculean, and his failure was not the result of personal inability. For those who like to speculate about the might-have-been of history, a fascinating point of departure would be the continuation of Francis's Spanish captivity. Once back in Paris, the French

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

king repudiated treaties and promises, treacherously revealed the plans of attack against Barbarossa's African stronghold, aligned himself with the Turks and the English, and waged war after war against Spain. Charles outlasted Henry and Edward VI and saw the hope of restoring Catholicity to England under the too-Spanish Mary Tudor sapped by his daughter-in-law's refusal to follow advice which, given from a distance and without benefit of accurate knowledge of events, was yet essentially sound. And the German Protestants succeeded because, with the Ottoman's northward march menacing the entire valley of the Danube, Charles was forced to concede in order to secure help to stem the Turkish tide. With such vicissitudes, hampered by disrupted conditions of transportation and communication, pressed for money, crippled by the devastations of illness, no one can blame the emperor when, through no lack of courage, he abdicated to Philip and, happy in the conviction that he had done his best, retired to the cloistral calm of Yuste, there to fortify his soul against death.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

A Great Romanticist

Schumann: A Life of Suffering, by Victor Basch; translated by Catherine Alison Phillips. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

"A LIFE OF SUFFERING"—this part of the title perhaps excuses the author's persistent concentration on Schumann's personal activities; but Schumann the composer should occupy the principal thoughts of anyone writing his biography; for his position in music is even more unique than his position in psychiatry.

Beginning to set down his musical ideas at an early age, Schumann represents the type of artist whose lyrical spirit just won't be still; it was easier for him to decide between music and law than some of his biographers would have us think. Throughout his life he complained that he constantly had difficulty in putting on paper the many thoughts that occurred to his fanciful imagination.

Music before the Romanticists was a sort of highly disciplined intellectualism—an abstract, impersonal kind of beauty. A transitory spirit was apparent in Beethoven; then came Schubert, Schumann and Chopin, with their lyrical singing which possessed a youthful exuberance, a whimsicality, an introspective flavor—qualities which had been avoided by the former classical reticence—but qualities which were destined, by virtue of their tenderness, to touch more of humanity.

It was in the spirit of this group that Schumann did his greatest work. Indeed, many of his compositions were finished before he began to concern himself with the technical theories and rules of his predecessors. The majority of his vast collection of *Lieder* (each of which was a joy to Jenny Lind) were composed in his youth when an intimacy with such architecture as counterpoint, fugue and canon was rather distant.

It is this singing from within, this spontaneity, this spiritual lyricism, that makes Romantic music sparkle, whereas the classical is content to shine; although a combination of the two schools, as Liszt, Berlioz and Mendelssohn have shown, may enhance both.

Schumann, as much as any other, represents the singing spirit. His music is an autobiography in song; it is the murmuring of a sensitive soul. Mr. Basch conveys this admirably; his book is doubtless designed for popular consumption rather than for the musician's library.

ERIC DEVINE.

SAVE-A-LIFE FARM
Nyack, N. Y.

ECONOMY SHOP
77-79 West 170th Street, New York
Corner Boscobel Avenue

Proceeds devoted to supplying pure milk and fresh vegetables to undernourished and delicate children from the crowded districts of New York.
A telephone message to WEstchester 7-5725 will bring a truck to your door for anything and everything you do not want.
Parcel post packages solicited.

Sisters of Our Lady of Christian Doctrine
1427 Doris Street, Westchester, N. Y.

The DOMINICAN COLLEGE
of San Rafael
(Incorporated 1891)
A COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
Resident and Non-Resident Students Conducted by Sisters of St. Dominic. The Dominican College is on the List of Colleges Approved by Association of American Universities.
A Member of the American Association of University Women
In the SCHOOL OF MUSIC, special certificates are granted, and the degree of BACHELOR OF MUSIC is conferred.
For full particulars address The Secretary, DOMINICAN COLLEGE, San Rafael, California.
PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT, DOMINICAN HIGH SCHOOL
San Rafael, California

ADVANCE NOTICE
"THE UNIVERSE"
special Christmas number will appear
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1931
The issue will be greatly enlarged and we shall give free, a full page size Calendar for 1932 with a beautiful photogravure reproduction of a modern picture by the famous French artist Edouard Cabane entitled.
"The Madonna with the Flower"
THREE DOLLARS A YEAR
52 issues by mail
Send three dollars (or a cheque) to:
THE UNIVERSE
1, Arundel Street,
Strand, London, W.C.2 England

Telephone Oakland 2208
Miss Sara Benedicta O'Neill
BOOKDEALER
for the
CHICAGO CALVERT CLUB
At home Tuesdays, afternoon and evenings.
Other times by appointment. Tea.
Books useful and interesting to Catholics
4530 Drexel Blvd.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ORATE FRATRES

A Review Devoted to the Liturgical Apostolate

For nearly four years *Orate Fratres* has been working for the cause of the Liturgical Apostolate, a movement which is active in every part of the world and aims to foster a more diligent and intelligent participation in the Church's solemn liturgy.

Founded and edited by the Benedictine monks of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota, with the assistance of the following associate editors:

Mr. Donald Attwater, Tal-y-bont, North Wales.
Rev. William Busch, St. Paul Seminary. St. Paul, Minn.
Rev. Patrick Cummins, O.S.B., Conception, Missouri.
Rev. Gerald Ellard, S.J., St. Louis, Missouri.
Rev. Martin B. Hellriegel, O'Fallon, Missouri.
Rev. John T. McMahon, Perth, West Australia.
Rev. Leo F. Miller, Columbus, Ohio
Rev. James E. O'Mahony, O.S.F.C., Cork, Ireland.
Rev. Richard E. Power, Springfield, Mass.
Mrs. Justine B. Ward, Washington, D. C.

Published every four weeks, beginning with Advent. 48 pp. $2.00 per year.

Write for free sample copy and descriptive leaflet which tells of the need and aims of the Liturgical Apostolate.

THE LITURGICAL PRESS
COLLEGEVILLE MINNESOTA

SELECTED POEMS
of
THOMAS WALSH

Late Associate Editor of "The Commonweal"

With a Memoir by John Bunker and Appreciations by Edward L. Keyes and Michael Williams

FOR the last quarter century Thomas Walsh held a unique place in the literary world. His studies and translations in Spanish literature brought to him high honors and among other decorations the Order of Isabella of Spain.

In America Thomas Walsh will be remembered as a figure who moved through the world of letters as poet, philosopher and friend of those whose main interests lie in artistic endeavors. His keen appreciation of poetry and his discerning critical powers are best exemplified in those two outstanding anthologies which will remain for years a monument to his scholarship—"The Hispanic Anthology" and "The Catholic Anthology." In the latter will be found not only the most beautiful poetry of Catholic writers, but also the poems of those not of that faith who in their poetry showed something of that spirit which guided him in his selection.

We consider it a rare privilege to present to the public this volume of selected verse by a poet so greatly admired and respected in contemporary times.

PRICE $2.50

Order from BOOK SERVICE DEPARTMENT

THE COMMONWEAL
Grand Central Terminal, New York City

Appraisal with Wit

The Endless Adventure, by F. S. Oliver. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $7.50.

IF THERE were a reading public for books in which rare intelligence is combined with a shrewd mastery of a subject, Mr. Oliver's survey of English politics in the eighteenth century would be very popular, indeed. While the method is to some extent reminiscent of Strachey, it surpasses (to my mind) that cynical gentleman's appraisal of reality. It may fairly be said to have recaptured the matter-of-factness of Scottish realism, and to have added a fine flavoring of Scottish wit. As a result the point of view is of the earth, earthy, but if one hesitates to push the scepticism too far—which is really not difficult—the book serves as a reliable antidote to facile political idealism of the sort which still creates no end of havoc, though centuries of experience should have sufficed to evaluate it properly.

The introductory essay of some ninety pages can be read for its own sake, as a wise and disillusioned estimate of the universe of the hustings and the diplomatic offices. Perhaps Mr. Oliver has pushed his pseudo-Machiaevellianism a bit too far, but he tries manfully, again and again, to tug it back to where it belongs, as for instance in the splendid pages anent Lord Hervey.

The rest of the book is chiefly concerned with George I and Horace Walpole, central figures in a series of activities which engrossed the attention (and the tongues) of their countrymen even while they affected the whole of Europe. All this narrative is interspersed with judicious meditation (e.g., the pages on the European Commonwealth, 119ff.). Mr. Oliver should be read solely and simply as a student of political history. And he is a very good one.

PAUL CROWLEY.

Exiles

Ireland in America, by Edward F. Roberts. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

AS ITS title implies, this book tells the story of the Irish race in the United States—surely a large topic to encompass within about two hundred pages, beginning with the legend of Saint Brendan's voyage to America and ending with the 1928 presidential campaign. The volume should be well received, for it is the first time such a survey has been attempted and Mr. Roberts gives us an illuminating tale, on the whole worthy of its subject.

In his description of the beginnings of Irish immigration here, he gives us vivid glimpses of their hardships in the new land and their winning through against all obstacles to political freedom. He punctures the "Scotch-Irish" myth, and gives the reasons why the Irish became "the most God-provoking Democrats" of the new nation. A most interesting chapter deals with the Irish schoolmasters who "during colonial times and during the first decades of the republic were the chief source of education for American children." They were indeed scions of those who sailed from Eirinn long before, to save European culture, and they played a major part in laying the foundations of American education.

At once rich in historical value and engrossing in its human interest, the volume should appeal to students of history and political affairs as well as to the general reader. The history of the Irish race here is in a sense the history of America, because of the tremendous influence of the Irish in founding and developing the republic.

T. FRANCIS HEALY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Holy Father

The Story of Pope Pius XI, by Benedict Williamson. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $2.00.

WITH a clarity that admirably permits the reader to perceive the majesty of his subject and at the same time the simple details of reality, Father Williamson tells the story of the present Pontiff up to the Pope's address to the cardinals on Christmas Eve, 1930. Peace and a better social order, it will be remembered, were the subjects of this address, and it offers a fitting climax along the way to a life which the Holy Father had specially dedicated to peace. How full his life has been of enterprise and accomplishment, may be appreciated only by reading the factual story.

Small boy in the beautiful Lombard valley in view of the towering Alps, seminarian, village priest, chaplain of the Cenacle nuns, professor of sacred eloquence and theology in the Greater Seminary of Milan, Doctor of the magnificent Ambrosiana Library entrusted with missions to study the libraries and museums of London, Paris and Vienna, Prefect of the Vatican Library, scaler of hitherto inaccessible Alpine peaks, apostolic visitor, and later papal nuncio, to the newly emerged nation of Poland, initiator of the Concordat between the Holy See and Poland which has become the model for similar treaties with other nations, Archbishop of Milan, cardinal, and finally Pope, the Pope of the Lateran Treaty with Italy, the condemnation of *L'Action Française*, the proclamation of Christ the King, the canonization of Saint Thérèse of Lisieux, the Missionary Exhibition, and the fearless and vitally important encyclicals on education and on marriage—this is the life of Catholic, of truly universal significance which the author reveals briefly, in less than two hundred pages, yet comprehensively, and in relation to its historic and contemporary setting. Twenty-eight reproductions of photographs by the pontifical photographer splendidly supplement the text.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

Production and Competition

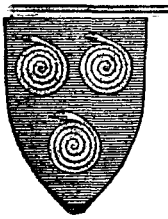
America's Primer, by Morris L. Ernst. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

THE DEFECTS, anomalies, contrasts and contradictions in our industrial system have become more strikingly evident during the current industrial depression. They have also impressed themselves on the consciousness of a vastly greater proportion of the American people. Mr. Ernst's little book is calculated to make the impression deeper and more widespread. Everything that he says has indeed been said before, but not perhaps in such a pointed manner anywhere.

The first part of the book deals with the national income or national product, the way it is produced and the way it is distributed. The second part exposes the failures and excesses of competition. In the third part, which is entitled "Dealings with Ideas," the reader might expect to find some definite proposals of remedies for the various defects and evils analyzed in the first two parts. This expectation is not realized, for the last section, like the other two, is simply analysis and criticism. Throughout the volume the analysis is expressed in simple terms and is undoubtedly arresting, but the criticism is overdone in many places; for example, when the author asserts on page 57 that "tendencies toward state aid must battle against a religious background which preaches that 'the poor ye have always with you.'" This is simply a caricature of the religious attitude.

JOHN A. RYAN.

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.



CHURCH VESTMENTS, ALTAR LINEN
Ecclesiastical Embroidery
Conferences with reference to the adornment of churches
Old Embroidery Transferred
131 EAST 47th STREET NEW YORK
EL dorado 5-1058

The Great New Catholic Biography

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Author of "Francois Villon," "King Spider," etc.

CHARLES OF EUROPE

A BRILLIANT scholarly portrait of Emperor Charles V, of the Holy Roman Empire, one of that great triumvirate including Francis I and Henry VIII which held the destiny of Western Europe. A glamorous picture of the Renaissance, and an important blending of history, religion and biography. *Published jointly with E. V. Mitchell.*

$5.00 Illustrated COWARD-McCANN, 425 Fourth., N. Y.

Bind Every Volume

Volume XIV Now Ready

In response to numerous requests from subscribers we have arranged to supply attractive binders for individual volumes of THE COMMONWEAL.

The binders are loose leaf with a capacity of twenty-six issues. They are handsomely bound in red imitation leather with stiff covers, red skytogen lined. The backbone of the cover is stamped in gold with the number of the volume and its inclusive dates. The price of the binder is $1.65 postage paid to any address.

In ordering the binders specify the number of copies you desire and the number of the volume. Please indicate if you wish to be placed on our list to receive future binders as issued.

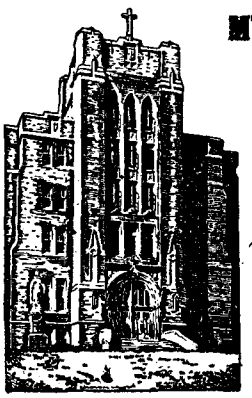
THE COMMONWEAL
Grand Central Terminal
New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

National Catholic **CONVERTS LEAGUE** 665 Fifth Av. New York City
Free Reference and Circulating Library
Reading Room, All Enquirers Welcome
10 A.M. to 7 P.M. except Saturday and Sunday
Booklet descriptive of the Plans and Purposes of the League will be mailed without cost upon request.

MADONNA HOUSE BENEFIT SHOP
Proceeds for the poor of the Lower East Side
QUEENSBORO BRIDGE MARKET
59th Street and First Avenue
Telephone VO lunteer 5-3123
We Need—Furniture, House Furnishings, Clothing
A truck will call for anything you do not want.
Help the victims of the unemployment situation!
MADONNA HOUSE 169-175 Cherry Street New York City

College of
St. Elizabeth
FULLY accredited and recognized Catholic College for women, offering A.B., B.S. degrees. Also Teacher-training and Home Economics courses. Beautiful 400 acre wooded campus, one hour from New York. Attractive residence halls. All indoor and outdoor sports and social activities. For catalog and view book, write, Dean, Box K, Convent Station, N. J.



MT. ST. MARY-ON-THE-HUDSON
NEWBURGH, N. Y.
The school that emphasizes character and health in a truly Catholic atmosphere.
Definite preparation for a career in college, business, art, music. Scholastic standards accredited by the University of the State of New York.
Modern fireproof buildings. Sixty-five-acre campus. High altitude.
New gymnasium; athletic field.
Illustrated booklet upon request.
Sisters of St. Dominic

BURR PRINTING HOUSE
FOUNDED 1837
FRANKFORT AND JACOB STREETS
NEW YORK, N. Y.
CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES, BOOKS
AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING

Briefer Mention

Out of the Everywhere, by Enid Dinnis. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $1.50.

THE EASY charm, the gentle, merry piety, which have delighted Miss Dinnis's readers for many years, are again evident in this collection of stories, mediaeval and modern. It is not her way to stress a thesis, either by the manner of her writing or the organization of her story: tragic tensity, heroic declamation, are alike alien to her. The completeness of her Catholic belief rather issues in a serene, half playful spirit, that hovers with smiling benignity over the groups and individuals who have here their brief dramatic moments on her little stage. There are two appealing lovers, united by a sunny sort of miracle in the protecting shadow of a brand-new monastery; there are two bereft by death, and comforted; there are a foresworn priest recalled, and a hardened sinner repentant; there is an Absent One restored to His own in a modern English abbey, and a miraculous conversion in China—all simply recorded, with tender understanding and friendly gaiety. Perhaps the best of the stories is "The End of the Journey," which tells with delicious point and humor what happened to a wealthy young convert who tried to be a modern Richard Rolle.

The Forest Hospital at Lambarene, by Albert Sweitzer. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.00.

YEARS ago Dr. Albert Sweitzer, an Alsatian Protestant theologian who had earned world-wide renown as a student of Saint Paul and a musician whose study of Bach enjoyed universal reputation, decided to establish a hospital for natives in West Equatorial Africa. The present volume is an unadorned narrative of what was accomplished there. It is the simple but wonderfully touching story of a charity about which the author does not romance, which he offers as a kind of advertisement for work remaining to be accomplished in a desolate and disease-ridden land. Read as mere literature, the book has some of the charm of Robinson Crusoe. Every detail seems to acquire epic significance by reason of the background and of the genuinely Christian personalities of those in charge.

CONTRIBUTORS

MONSIGNOR J. B. DUDEK is chancellor of the Diocese of Oklahoma City and Tulsa.

LOUIS GOLDING is the author of many books, his most recent being "Those Ancient Lands" and "The Prince or Somebody."

REV. FRANCIS B. THORNTON is a poet and contributor of children's stories to the magazines.

REV. J. STEENKISTE, S.J., is a Jesuit missionary in India.

M. P. CONNERY writes frequently on economic subjects.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN contributes articles to current periodicals and makes translations from the French.

H. A. JULES-BOIS, French poet and essayist, is the author of "L'humanité divine," "Le monde invisible," "Les petites religions de Paris" and other books.

GEORGIANA PUTNAM MCENTEE is an instructor in history in Hunter College, New York City, and the author of "The Social Catholic Movement in Great Britain."

AMY BROOKS MAGINNIS is a Massachusetts poet.

REV. JOHN A. O'BRIEN is director of the Columbus Foundation in the University of Illinois.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI is on THE COMMONWEAL staff of reviewers.

ERIC DEVINE is staff writer for *Country Life* and a contributor to other periodicals.

PAUL CROWLEY is a translator and writer of literary reviews.

T. FRANCIS HEALY contributes to literary reviews.

REV. JOHN A. RYAN is professor of moral theology and industrial ethics in the Catholic University of America, and director of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. He is the author of "A Living Wage" and "Social Reconstruction."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED